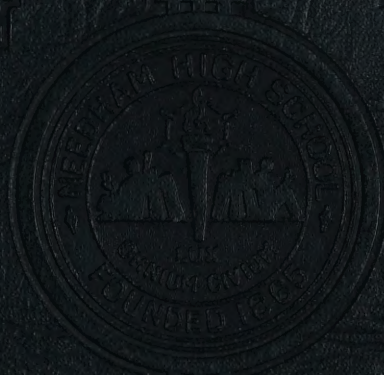


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HIGH SCHOOL

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Dedication

It is with great pleasure that we, the class of nineteen hundred and thirty-two, dedicate the commencement issue of the "Advocate" to our class advisors, Lieta L. Sawyer, Ruth C. Harrington, and Louise L. Steele, and to the faculty manager, Fred L. Frost.

Throughout the four years that we have been in high school, our class advisors have helped us with whatever we have undertaken, and it has been Mr. Frost whose efforts and enthusiasm on our behalf have contributed so much to all our athletic endeavors. Their co-operation is deeply appreciated and we wish to thank them.

Editorials

THE BEST INSTRUCTOR

Mitchell Boyd, '32

A Syrian slave, who shone before the Roman audiences in the time of Caesar, once said, "Practice is the best of all instructors." Even as it applied to the Romans, so does it apply to the students of Needham High School. Far too many of us hope for the maximum of success with only the minimum of study and preparation. Is it an accident that a college man jumps six feet eight and one-half inches high? Certainly not. In order to attain that remarkable feat he had to devote hours and hours to practising the approach alone. Another man types 136 words a minute. Such an extraordinary rate of speed is the result of years of practice. Let us resolve to keep working at the things we are doing now, whether it be athletics, typewriting, studies or clean living. With such a resolution surely we cannot fail.

WHAT MATTERS

Joan Wilkinson, '32

We seniors, almost graduates, have, I imagine, dreams, made or in the making, of our future prowess and success. Surely if we didn't have dreams we would never realize them; but the dreams are only a part of the plan—the other is hard and self-sacrificing labor. And yet some of us after such labor may not realize our dreams; some of us may after little effort; some of us may after great effort; some of us may by pure accident; and some of us may fail utterly in our attempts. It is one mighty chance when our success depends on the "things" of this world. Therefore it is our duty to ourselves to make our success depend on something that we alone and singly can control; and that "something" is our spirit, or attitude if you wish. "It isn't life that matters but the courage that we bring to it."

BEGINNINGS

Ernestine Ross, '32

Just as soon as one thing ends, another begins. Often we do not look forward to concluding the activities in which we have been engaged, for somehow we feel that whatever comes next just can't be so pleasant or so profitable as is our present situation.

Although graduation means bringing an end to high school years and to the period through which we have formed pleasant and lasting friendships, it also means advancement, experience, and breadth of mind. Let us not feel that we are bringing to a close the happiest years of our life—but rather may we look ahead to new ideas, new studies, and new friends, realizing that those acquired here are the basis of future relationships.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Robert Gilbert, '32

What have you accomplished during the years you have spent in our High School? Quite difficult to say, isn't it? At least I found it so when the question was put before me.

Do you measure achievements in terms of material gains or by certain intangible qualities? If you are inclined to measure progress by results, you will of course place value on the success of the prom committees you were on, or the advancement in school government promoted by the student council, by results of the management of our various athletic teams, and by the scholastic records recently attained.

It is true that they must all be rightly considered and valued, but I place those achievements in character expansion, success in friendships, and other moral obligations above all others for the simple reason that I believe them to be more permanent.

Have you friends whose company you desire, whose individual characters have added to your integrity? You surely have, but be sure of them! Don't lose sight of them in the years to come; continue to cultivate their companionship.

Beside actual book-knowledge, haven't you learned to be persistent, punctual, economic, firm, honest, and industrious? Haven't you acquired calmness in temper, initiative, sound judgment, patience, self-confidence, thoroughness, and numerous others? You should have acquired many of them. If you haven't, you have missed the real essence of your education.

If you measure your accomplishments by the above terms, I believe you will find your valuation of personal gains to be honest and just.

FAITH

Melvin Storrs, '32

To Faith, the champion of a falt'ring cause,
The balm to many an aching heart in pain,
I raise my cup and drink, nor do disdain
In passing by to render full applause;
Nor can I fail to note in men the flaws
Which lack of Faith in brother men has lain,
Who labor hard and honestly in vain,
While folks look on, condemning without
pause.

On Faith the credit of the nations stand,
On Faith the Holy Church of God was built,
The whole of life and living set thereon;
The fate of it is solely in man's hand,
In this one trust let there be found no guilt.
Good will and love let reign from dawn to
dawn.

SYMPATHY

Carolyn E. Blake, '32

Questions that arise in the minds of the Seniors who next year will be pursuing education in higher institutions of learning or entering in the business world are much like the following. How can I be popular? How can I get the most out of life? No doubt you have read many articles answering these questions in great detail and have felt as if you could never line up to all the set standards so that you have given up all hope of being a success.

However there is one important thing to remember, that in practically every course or line you can pursue you will have to deal with people; therefore it is essential that you be in sympathy with people. The word "sympathy" comes from the Greek which means to suffer with; consequently sympathy is the quality of suffering with people, or fellow feeling. You must feel an honest interest in those people with whom you come in contact, you must try to understand their point of view and in a quiet way encourage them in their hopes and ambitions.

Your best friend holds that position because he respects your opinions, not necessarily agrees with them, because he encourages your ambitions and makes himself truly interested in your successes and failures.

As you realize, to be popular you must make friends; and to be successful and get the most out of life, you must know how to get along with people and how to make yourself likeable. Only by having sympathy for those you meet will these things ever be attained.

"Sympathy" is one of the great secrets of life. It overcomes evil and strengthens good. It disarms resistance, and melts the hardened heart and develops the better part of human nature."



Ships that Pass in the Night

Joan Wilkinson, '32

Potter was the youngest Judge of the court. He was clever and a hard worker, and after a spring of listening to tragedy and weighing right and wrong he found his head rather weary and needful of a rest. Men's ideas concerning rest are somewhat varied, but they are all more or less concerned with the wide open spaces, and Potter was no different from his fellow men—mountains, streams, and trout, he thought—what could be better? Thus it was with a gleeful heart and a real relish for the coming trip, Potter dumped his luggage into the rumble seat of a sleek black roadster, kicked off the last remnants of the Judge, and slipped in behind the wheel. It was a clear, moonlight night—night, because there was something in windy blackness which still thrilled Potter.

On over the asphalt road he sped, mile after mile. Now, there was a break in the road, the main highway bore off to the left. Potter slowed down, and after a second of hesitation chose the right; it was shorter and more isolated. Up hill and down, past palé fields and inky woods, out into moonlight and in through wavering shadows—and all the while to Potter's contented ear rose the sound of a beautifully purring engine. Ah, life was good!

Suddenly out of the blackness ahead the lights of the car picked out a form in the road. Immediately Potter was keenly alert; his relaxed manner deserted him and in his mind was suspicion, but he jammed on the brakes.

"All right, feller, first hand over the dough and a gun if you've got one!"

Potter felt a gun at his ribs. A swarthy bandanad little devil stood on the running board and a huge hulk lurked in the shadow.

"Listen Buddy"—Potter's voice was desperate—"You're ruining my game. I pinched this car an hour back in Baker and if you don't yank that dummy out of the road mighty quick, I'll be a gonner."

At a sign from the devil the form in the road disappeared.

"And how about a couple o' bucks?" added Potter—"Save me a lot of trouble—gas you know."

"O.K. Pardner," growled the devil. "Good luck t'ye," as the car rolled off.

"Whew," muttered Potter, "now for a vacation," and he stepped on the gas.

Three weeks of chasing the streams and once more Potter was on the road. It was day-time though, and he was going city ward instead of mountain ward. Those three weeks

had cleared his mind and browned his skin and as at their beginning he had looked forward to rest so now he looked forward to his work. Gradually he was reverting to the Judge.

Judge Potter's first case on his return was that of two criminals: one, a swarthy little individual and the other, a huge hulk of a fellow. Both had the usual sullen manner. The Judge viewed them with impersonal gaze. He saw two capable looking criminals.

"Charge," the Judge demanded according to form.

"Hold up with weapons and attempt at robbery, Your Honor."

The criminals pleaded guilty; a moment of procedure and the sentence was passed.

"Imprisonment for twenty-five years," condemned the Judge.

The first case over, and Judge Potter was in the harness for the summer.

A Janitor I Have Known

Samuel Weinstein, '33

If one were to go down into the engine room in an old school at Uptown, Massachusetts, he would invariably find Donk Lane, the ancient janitor, seated beside his great open-mouthed furnace, either smoking his ancient model pipe, reading a newspaper from four to five weeks old, or taking a little "snooze" as he called it. On very rare occasions he might be seen throwing coal on the hungry half-starved furnace.

During the day he had so many calls from teachers asking for more heat, that he soon contrived a means of avoiding the frequent trips across the engine room to the telephone. He tapped the telephone wire running along the ceiling above his easy chair, which often fell apart from excessive use. This idea probably would not have appealed to the school committee; but no one knew of it except Joe Maguire, his old crony, who spent most of the day with him. This was another violation of the school rules—allowing outsiders to stay in the building during school hours.

Donk also had a habit of dozing on warm days. But this was not half so bad as when he fell asleep on cold, frosty, winter mornings. The telephone bell would ring incessantly, but of course there was no response. On such occasions the only remedy was to send one of the boys down to the engine room and awaken Donk with great caution. Otherwise he would become exceedingly angry and demand that the intruder's presence be withdrawn from his sight immediately.

You will probably wonder why Donk was not removed from his position. He was, but he had to be recalled because other janitors could not get so much heat from the dilapidated furnace as Donk Lane.

MOODS

Ernestine Ross, '32

There comes a day, now and then
When I love my fellow men;
Those who reap and those who sow,
All are wonderful to know.

Once in a while there'll be a day
When they're all the other way—
Greedy for gain, dishonest in creed,
A funny trick of Fate indeed.

But whether they grin or whether they pout,
I think that I have worked it out.
When I'm gay the best I see,
When I'm not, the fault's with me.

Twins

Lilyan Compton, '32

Charles and Lawrence were twins. Yes, twins! The most trying, objectional twins in the world! Mr. and Mrs. West were always in trouble through their "young rascals," as the neighbors called the boys. From their childhood up they had always quarreled over every little thing.

During their younger days, Charlie would play with Bo-bo, their dog, and Lawrie would try to get his attention, and poor Mrs. West would come rushing into the yard and separate the struggling boys and put the dog into his house. Mr. West always planned to buy another dog but decided it would cause more difficulty.

So, through childhood grew these quarrelsome boys. In high school they would be the captains of opposite teams. When a dance was held or anything socially, pretty Alice Plouffe would be rushed by the twins. If Lawrie got there first, she would go with Lawrie and if Charlie was the first, he was the lucky one. These two boys were exactly alike in every respect.

Finally they stepped into college, and what a thrilling and exciting time for those who were in Lawrie's and Charlie's class! The dean many a time threatened to expell "those boys" hesitating only because they brought back his youth, and then Mr. West did have some influence and those "boys" really had wonderful personalities and were full of life and fun.

One day Mr. West received a letter from a Mr. Willy stating that his "boys" had been running after his daughter Sally in a most disgraceful manner and he was becoming very tired hearing the da-da-da of the horn of the car every evening and Sally's calling "All right!" in a loud voice and the slamming of doors and tramping of feet. He had

decided to put an end to it all, for even the neighbors were complaining. After many other trying experiences, he was resorting to the last way he thought he could possibly stop them. Now if Sally had known what was going through the mail, she would have objected and given an exceptionally good show of tantrums, for she was proud of their attention to say the least.

During a vacation Lawrie and Charlie were called into their father's study, one by one; Lawrie came first. "Well, young man, what have you been doing now, that I should receive such a letter as this?" asked Mr. West holding up Mr. Willy's letter.

"Oh, never mind that, Dad, old top. That doesn't mean a thing. I'm just going around with her so Charlie won't know I like Miriam Hodges, for he would try to take her out. I do go with her on the quiet, and say, Dad, she's a real girl!"

He went out, and Mr. West sighed a sigh of relief. Well, he might as well ask Charlie now. Mr. West had learned what one had the other must have too, even a conference with him. He called Charlie in and showed him the letter.

"Well, Charles, do you think you really love her and can make her happy?"

"Aw, Dad, I don't like her. I'm just taking her around so Lawrie won't know that I love Miriam Hodges, the only girl in the world for me."

Life is like that!

CLOUDS

Edwin Starkweather, '32

The clouds come
silently in the wind.
They pause,
look upon man,
shed tears,
then move on.

The Art of Thumbing

William E. Simpson, '32

Whenever or wherever, one travels, whether near or far, he is sure to see an expectant looking individual on the roadside jerking his thumb in the direction of the nearest town. It is a common sight. Some motorists yield to the demand of the wiggling joint, others are immune, and still others are aggravated to such a degree that they have wild impulses to run the signaler down. On a rainy day, however, the desire may be somewhat appeased by driving through an adjacent mud puddle and spraying the offender and, incidentally, any nearby innocent pedestrian.

But there is an art in the mute appeal of the conservator of energy and shoe leather. The experienced hitch-hiker obtains transportation with apparently little trouble. Motorists invite him into their cars as if it were a pleasure to have him. Others stand at a point of vantage for hours, exercising their thumbs to such extent as to make them susceptible to strained ligaments. (What a slogan this would be—"His only exercise was thumbing, but he has athlete's foot; nine people out of every ten—etc.") I read of a man who broke his thumb by jamming it against a post when he was signaling for a ride. This is an authentic example of the casualties that may result from this strenuous practice.

The secret of successful thumbing is personality. Has your thumb a pleasing personality? Does it radiate charm and good fellowship? Again I find myself thinking of the inner covers of magazines—"They laughed when I stepped to the side of the road, but when I jerked my thumb — we made Boston in half an hour."

The hitch-hiker has strange and varied experiences, because he rides with many different types of people and with drivers, good and bad. There is the case of the

timid or suspicious driver who wanted to be a good fellow and pick up the hikers, but was very cautious, and with a nervous laugh said, "You fellows haven't any guns on you, have you? Gotta be careful nowadays; there have been a lot of hold-ups lately."

Sometimes he rides in a large comfortable limousine, and sometimes in the back of a truck with half a dozen other riders, being bounced and jostled around. Sometimes strategy is used, especially when there are several travelling in the same direction. One plan is to have one signaler at the side of the road while the others stand unnoticed on the sidewalk. When some misguided autoist stops for the lone hiker, the rest of the party makes its appearance and piles into the unfortunate's car. This is an extreme case and is not likely to be repeated on the same motorist.

Much could be said for or against thumbing, but the less said, the better, because I am not getting paid for writing this, anyway. In conclusion, the moral is, end the depression by ending hitch-hiking, and put many new pairs of shoes into use.

INFERENCE

Joan Wilkinson, '32

Throughout the ages rock alone has stood
The gaff of wind, of torrent, fire, and sea.
And only now does that first rock let free
Its heart to dust. Does it not seem the good
And gracious God has spent more than one
should

Of time and strength to make such matter be
That has no soul, no mind, no life, as we
Who are gone even before the softest wood?
Let all who doubt and see in life the merest
bit,

Be calm and trust that he who shapes the rock
To witness the endless fall of man on man
Does surely in his due proportion fit
That man to look upon the molding crock
From which, long since, the stony mortar ran.

The Tin Basket Family

Thomas Allen, '32

There lived in the Michigan peninsula, on the Macinack near Sault St. Marie, in eighteen eighty, an Indian family named Tin Basket. This family was composed of Papa, Mamma, and Baby Tin Basket.

While Papa was away fishing and hunting during the day time, Mamma stayed at the log cabin knitting and taking care of baby. He was placed in a cradle made from a hollow log. She sat in a chair and rocked the baby by means of a rope tied at one end to the back of her rocking chair and the other attached to an upright stick nailed on the log, which allowed the log to roll back and forth as she rocked.

Now Baby Jim Tin Basket was just like any other Indian baby except that he cried a great deal of the time. When Mamma Tin Basket could stand his noise no longer, she quietly slipped away and after a short interval returned with a handful of a dark sticky gum from a tree, which she introduced into the Baby's mouth. This stopped his crying and kept him busy. It took a long time for this to become masticated and digested, and during the interim mother could work in the garden and chop the fire wood. When baby had succeeded in eating this gooey mess, he again began to cry and the mother again disappeared into the woods for her favorite remedy. It so happened that the baby fairly grew up upon this diet.

Now, when he reached the age of twenty, he decided that he would like to go to Chicago, which he had heard a lot about. Jim, as he had grown tired of life in the lumber country, bade his mother and father goodbye and joyously set out in a freight steamer from the Sault St. Marie Canal Locks.

Upon his arrival in Chicago he set about looking for work. He finally secured a job working in a pole line gang for the telephone company. His task was to walk along the

street screwing the glass insulators into the pins in the cross arms. This he accomplished with astounding ease, for he did not require a ladder or climbing spurs as customarily used, because, being brought up on a rubber gum, he was so elastic that he simply reached the cross arms from the street by stretching up his elastic arm.

In this way he covered eight to ten miles a day and thereby did the work of five ordinary men. The others, who were in fear of losing their jobs, threatened to run him out of town if he didn't leave the job. Jim, menaced by the other workers, quit his occupation.

While strolling along the streets he noticed a tall building in construction, whose height allured him. He immediately accepted a position driving rivets from one floor to another at a distance of thirty stories from the ground. While at work one day he suddenly lost his balance and fell. Down, down, down, he went until he struck the pavement below, but to the astonishment of all he didn't stay there; no sir, he bounded right back up again. Because of his elasticity he kept bounding up and down. After three days it was necessary to shoot him to prevent his starving to death.

A PETITION

Eunice Burdick, '32

People like me were never intended
To write poetry.
Other such persons may have pretended
But not so me.
Trying to write a passable sonnet
I labored, and though
Hours of handwork I spent upon it
One result—zero.
Hence this poor effort is turned in to you
Without alibi.
For assignments with less genius in view
This "pome" is my cry.
At least it was written by me—that's true.
For lost time, I sigh.

Fooled

R. Abbott, '33

SAINT Peter was in an agitated state of uncertainty. All the morning, as Keeper of the Keys, he had been standing at the gate of Heaven, answering the inexperienced questions of the souls lately arriving. The new-comers were always difficult to manage, as things were new and strange; but today's lot presented unusual troubles, even to a man of spirit like his Lordship, for they were very ignorant of spiritual customs. Also, he had been informed that he must meet a distinguished immigrant, who had recently died, and Saint Peter started with nervousness at every form that approached, for he was very poor at making welcoming speeches.

He jumped when he heard a sharp harsh yell, "Hey! are you the fellow with the French-horn?"

The strain was beginning to tell on his Lordship, for he had answered many questions as stupid, in the course of the morning.

"If you had read your Bible a little more while you were on earth, you would know that it's Gabriel who has the horn," he answered wearily, "besides your voice is much too loud to be in the proper spirit-tradition."

The poor fellow had been a barker in a side-show and it was hard for him to make such a sudden change. "I hadn't planned to come here for twenty years more," he breathed in a passable spirit-sigh, "but I was stepped on by an elephant."

"But when do we eat?" a woman in the crowd demanded.

"One doesn't eat here," he retorted, shaking his golden key to emphasize the words.

"Oh!" murmured the questioner ruefully.

"Where have you been," asked Saint Peter, recognizing Friar Tuck, "you've been a long

time coming and, why, your beard is all singed!"

"Yes," agreed the worthy Friar sorrowfully, "I've spent a long time in purgatory. It seems they had quite a time deciding whether I should go this way or the other." He was evidently relieved to find out which way he had gone.

"Where's my friend Finklestein?" someone wanted to know.

"Look in the directory," snapped Saint Peter, "and don't bother me." He was becoming more wrought up as time passed. Suddenly he noticed a figure approaching, differing from the others in that it was hooded. "That must be he, travelling incognito," he decided and tried to recall his welcoming speech. "We're-we're very glad to see you here and-ah, and-ah we'll do-ah anything we can-ah-to please you." That was all he could bring out; the hooded figure didn't seem to mind, but instead walked serenely by and through the gate. Poor Saint Peter vowed then and there to speak from notes next time. Shortly afterwards he closed the gate for an hour at noon and went inside for some rest.

When he returned, he found a large crowd gathered around a man who was talking very enthusiastically. To his horror he recognized Al Capone.

"What are you doing here?" he growled.

"He wants a monopoly of heavenly concessions," someone volunteered.

"Well, turn him over to the deportation committee," the vexed Saint stormed, and he hurried out through the gate to greet the visitor who evidently was yet to come. He hoped that he would not be fired for permitting one who did not have quite the necessary qualifications to enter.

A Chance

Willett Rowlands, '33

"Well Dick, old boy, I guess we've nearly reached the end of our rope," commented Bill dejectedly to his crippled brother in their small poorly furnished room located in the poorest section of the city. Dick and Bill, two brothers had come to the city two years ago upon the death of their parents, and Bill had secured a fine position on the staff of an important advertising agency. Then it was that hard luck came to the boys again, for Dick was run over by a truck one day and crippled for life. The boys had bravely made a go at their lot until the depression came along, and that only meant another slice of hard luck, as Bill had unfortunately been "laid off."

"Say Bill," called Dick from the next room, "your old boss called up today and said that he might be able to give you back your job." Dick said this in rather a hesitant voice, as though he doubted the truth of his own words.

"You're sure he called Dick? But, Great Scott, how could he when he laid off so many men all at once?" puzzled Bill, to whom this startling announcement was rather unreal.

"Well anyway," suggested Dick, "it might be a good idea to go down town tomorrow morning and find out for sure."

"Not all the kings horses could stop me," replied Bill, still rather doubtful concerning his brother's amazing news.

The next morning Bill rose early and prepared to go to his old office. He surveyed his appearance as best he might in the little cracked mirror above the tiny oil burner and decided that it wasn't all it might be. He soon departed, breakfastless as usual, and on his way out he smiled at the ever anxious landlord, promising the payment of some back rent in the near future.

To Dick lying there on his cot alone the whole affair seemed rather incongruous and made him feel decidedly uneasy. He was

worried about Bill. What would the boss say?

At noon Bill returned.

"Well Dick, what do you know?"

"What?" asked Dick impatiently.

"Well, in the first place, I've got my job back at cut pay,—"

"And in the second place," urged Dick.

"The boss denied having called us yesterday on the phone; he said it must have been someone playing a joke on us, and boy, but was I embarrassed when I found that out,—and right after I'd said that we had heard he was going to give me new employment. I tell you, it gave me quite a turn there for a second. But after talking to me for a while he realized our predicament and hired me again, as he said he thought I needed the work badly; so from now on," continued Bill, "we eat three square meals a day and get all our furniture back from the corner store. But, Dick I wonder who that could have been who called you up yesterday."

"Bill, want to know the truth?" asked Dick with a suspicious light in his eyes.

"Say, have you been keeping something from me, old boy?" returned Bill.

"'Fraid so, Bill, to tell you the truth no one called us up yesterday; you see it was all just a little experiment of mine, and boy, how it worked!"

MY BROTHER

Phyllis Brown, '33

He is just an ordinary appearing boy, large for his age and with a good natured grin, which can very easily turn into a teasing one. Perhaps the best way to meet him would be to have him bounce in and interrupt you, as is his habit.

A loud bang on the door heralds his explosive entrance. "Hey, Phil, where's the screw driver? My cart's broken!" and here

he stands, his hair tousled, a black smudge across one cheek, his shirt tail out, and his dirty overalls, decorated with many patches, giving mute evidence of much wear. I generally answer his queries as to where things are by informing him of his whereabouts an hour before—it's as good a guess as any and better than most. Whereupon he clatters downstairs on a feverish search for the missing article. That boy can make more noise going downstairs. It sounds more like an avalanche than a boy. In fact he holds quite a few records in the family, one of which is the best disappearing act. He can make more things completely disappear and remain hidden than anyone I have ever seen. I remember distinctly when the head of the family decided to do some carpentry; he had to buy a new hammer, saw, screw driver, and

yard-stick, and that is only a drop in the bucket when you think of what has disappeared in times past. I advanced the theory that perhaps he either used them for parts in one of his contraptions or accidentally put them into something which he had taken apart and was now re-assembling—yes that also is one of his strong points; most of the mechanical devices around the house have shared the fate and no one is the least surprised to see clocks running backwards or to hear queer noises coming from the radio.

Since he is the only boy in the family and is blest with such a good disposition that he can grin sheepishly in answer to his scoldings (which is more than most of us can manage), it seems to me that he can wiggle out of more scrapes than either my sister or I. Perhaps on the whole the best title for him would be just "A regular fella."

A NIGHT DRIVING SONG

Melvin C. Storrs, '32

The purple night is calmly falling,
The open roads are softly calling,
The wheels are drumming swiftly to the tune;
Motors whisper, thunder, roar,
Headlights stare—miles are no more;
Above me, grinning, sweeps the summer moon.

"Boston and Worcester and Holyoke,
Gloucester and Salem and Lynn;
Plymouth and Sandwich and Chatham,
Lord, where haven't I been!"

My dreary work is done today,
My thoughts are miles and miles away;
My foot goes down, the landscape slides from
sight—

The roadway gently curves and dips,
And a song is on my lips,
The silent song of those who drive at night.

THIS HOMEWORK

Jessie Stewart, '33

Rising slowly in the morning,
Oh! How cold the wintry air;
Shutting windows—dressing quickly
We rush headlong, down the stair.

First we have a little breakfast
During which we read our French,
Neglected—'cause our weaker selves
From a novel could not wrench.

Grabbing hats, scarfs, mittens, books,
We run uphill toward the school,
Vainly trying to recall
The strains of our last Latin rule.

Staggering, breathless, up the steps,
Tired out ere the day's begun,
We vow that on this very night
We'll surely get our homework done.

A Little Music

Eunice Whitaker, '33

As the soft glow faded from the dying embers of the open fire, Marcia Fairbanks put away her ironing board and sank wearily into an old wooden rocker before the fireplace. The radiance of the live coals lit up her worn face and played caressingly on her soft, white hair.

It had been a hard day, harder than usual, with little chance for rest, and it had seemed as if George had been too impatient, too quick to find fault with every little irregularity. But she must not think such things; he was a good husband and they loved each other devotedly. If only she could have some of the beautiful music that she loved so much to lighten her work. . . . Marcia caught her tired head nodding, so she rose from the chair, put the cat to bed, locked the door, and went up the stairs to her bedroom.

The next morning she began the same monotonous drudgery—the dishes, dusting, beds, sweeping, washing, and ironing (George had to have a clean shirt every day), and the baking (George insisted upon having all sorts of cookies, cakes, and pastry). Her husband couldn't seem to realize that a woman might have feelings, desires, and ambitions. He couldn't even guess that her very soul longed for music—the glamour of the opera, the mellow tones of the violin, the silvery runs from the fingers of the pianist, the heart-stirring chords of the organ. The red-letter day of her life had been the day when she went to a Symphony Concert, and now she heard not even a band concert, although there was one every Saturday evening during the summer at the village, two miles away. But she never finished her work until bed-time.

What was the trouble with her this morning? Why did everything go wrong? She

burned a cake, broke a tumbler while washing the dishes, and ripped one of her best sheets. Then, to cap the climax, her apple jelly simply wouldn't jell. That was the last straw. Marcia threw herself on the couch and for a few minutes her shoulders heaved with deep, heart-rending sobs. Then she heard a knock at the battered front door. Dragging herself from the couch, she walked slowly across the room and opened the door.

"Telegram for Mrs. George Fairbanks," said a boy in uniform. "Sign here, please."

Marcia turned pale. A telegram! What could be wrong? She ripped open the envelope with nervous fingers, and drew out the blue paper.

YOUR UNCLE THOMAS DEAD STOP
WILL SEE YOU TODAY NOON CONCERN-
ING WILL STOP. CALVIN MITCHELL.

Marcia's head reeled as she examined the print. Uncle Tom! A will! He was worth a million! To her? Impossible, but still, she was his only near relative! Uncle Tom! She remembered a stooped old gentleman, eccentric and pugnacious. And Calvin Mitchell, her uncle's secretary. She remembered him too, an insignificant little chap, bald, with silver-rimmed spectacles. When had he said?—"Today, noon." Why, it was half past eleven now. Oh, the house!

Marcia hustled happily through her usual routine, pictures of dollar bills before her eyes, and had just flicked the last speck of dust from existence, when there again sounded a knock on the door.

"Mrs. Fairbanks, I believe?" timidly inquired a man whom she recognized at once as Calvin Mitchell.

"Yes," answered Marcia. "Come right in, Mr. Mitchell."

She ushered him into the living-room, her visions of Tibbett, Symphony, Mischa Levitzky, and Cremonas obscuring his bespectacled, bewhiskered little face. His voice was drowned out by the music ringing in her ears, until she heard that one magical word, "will."

"As I was saying, Mrs. Fairbanks, your uncle left all his money to a hospital for the deaf and dumb."

Crash! Marcia came down to earth, all her bright day-dreams obliterated by this one sentence. Her music—gone, or rather, all hope of it gone. She sat still for a moment, dazed, unable to move. Then dully, almost lifelessly, she straightened the magazines on the table, whisked a bit of dirt from a cushion on the divan, and began mental preparations for George's dinner. After all perhaps it was just as well. What was Mitchell saying?"

"He did leave you one little thing, Mrs. Fairbanks. I have it in my car, and I can set it up for you."

"Another useless piece of furniture, probably," thought Marcia, "something more to catch dust. Oh, well!" She gave vent to a deep sigh and turned disinterestedly away. Excusing herself, she went to the kitchen to peel the potatoes.

Suddenly she laid down her knife. What was that? The beautiful strains of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" drifted through the open door. She caught her breath and gave a quick sob, not daring to move.

Mitchell appeared in the door. "How do you like the radio?" he asked.

Marcia could not speak, and that night she offered a heartfelt prayer of gratitude for this wonderful gift of Providence that would make her work seem light and would satisfy the utmost longings of her music-starved spirit.

OBLIGATION

Robert Gilbert, '32

Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man
tells;
To please them all is not a good intent.
Go satisfy demands of true content,
As in each man this sole ambition dwells;
So set your sails for hazy foreign shores,
Map out your course to fit your future need,
And if, in spite of all your plans, your speed
Is forced to waver as a swallow soars,
Steer on your way regardless of their call
'Lest you are trapped in wily snaky toil
And find yourself in debris of turmoil
And cannot satisfy yourself at all;
And so, avoid, like seasoned mariners
The beacons false of crafty salvagers.

COMRADES

Joan Wilkinson, '32

I watch your brown fingers,
Long, and blunt, and clean,
Reeling out green fish cord,
Letting it slither into black water.

I watch you make your pole
Fast to the oarlock,
Flick the ashes from your cigarette,
And relax against a fishy slicker.

You sigh, a sigh of content,
And pull your shaby felt
Closer to your brow.
I look at you and smile;
And you fix expectant eyes on the
tip of your bamboo pole.
We are happy thus, you and I.

Jerry

Mary Willett, '33

It was a dear little white house, with pink rambling roses climbing over its trellises and peeking around the green blinds into the rooms. The woods rose tall and green behind, while a refreshing brook babbled its way over many stones. A robin in the apple tree seemed to say that all was well, and so it was within the small cottage.

Little Mrs. Merrill, otherwise known as "Grandma Merrill" to the children of the small neighborhood, was busy making an apple pie, the first one she had made for fifteen years.

Everything seemed too good to be true. It had been many, many years since she had seen Jerry, her only child. He had been given up as lost during the World War. These many years had been very sad. Many times a day, tears would creep into Grandma Merrill's eyes as she thought of her Jerry; the time when he had fallen into the brook and gotten his new Sunday suit wet; the day he had brought home some little field mice, which had frightened her almost to death; and that terrible time when he had told the ladies of the church, who had been at the Merrill's house for an all day sewing meeting, that her mother and he would have to eat bread for the rest of the week (which was three days), as the women had eaten everything else in the house. All these horrible incidents seemed very dear and precious to Grandma Merrill now, as she recalled those past days.

But now there would be no more sad days. An agent from Washington had visited her two weeks ago, bringing with him the glad news that her son had been found in a hospital. She identified a photograph as far as she could tell, considering the many years that had gone by, and gladness had crept into her heart. It was too good to be true. Her own Jerry was coming back. Would she be

able to stand it? She'd try, and she would succeed!

Grandma Merrill peeked into the oven to see how near done the pie was. Jerry would love it. He had always raved over "Mom's delicious apple pies," and Jerry was coming tomorrow.

The next day finally came. Grandma Merrill was too shaken to go to the train. Mrs. Jameson who lived in the next house, came over to stay with her until her son should arrive.

Outside a car drove slowly down the road. "Now, careful Jerry. Don't excite her too much. Go slowly!"

Jerry Merrill walked hesitatingly up the front walk. Now he was at the front door. He was ringing the bell. The door opened. He was led into a little side room where canaries sang, flowers bloomed, and a little old lady sat with a lavender shawl thrown over her shoulders. Her snow white hair finished the loveliness of the picture.

"Moms!"

"Jerry!"

He had gathered the little old lady in his arms and held her tightly. He could feel her tears against his cheek. He set her down again, and laid a kiss on her forehead.

In her chair a week later, Grandma Merrill watching Jerry play with the canaries thought, "Her Jerry! Yes, it was! There was the same mole on his forehead. But how he had changed. Of course there had been many years since she had last seen him. He was growing bald. He acted a little differently, but that was probably because he had been in the war and was so shaken upon being home again. He had loved the apple pie. This afternoon they had taken a walk in the woods, beside the brook. It had been beautiful!"

Now the sun was sinking behind the woods,

and, as she was tired, she was going to bed.

An hour and a half later Jerry Merrill sat by the bed of the dear little lady. She was asleep and had a happy contented expression on her face. She *was* happy. He was glad of that. He had grown to worship this little woman.

He would never spoil her happiness by telling her that he wasn't the real Jerry. He would never tell her that he had been gotten by the neighborhood, with the help of Washington, for the purpose of giving her cheer.

The First Auto

Robert Dearing, '33

This story I am about to tell will sound very strange and untrue to most of you; but master minds, and Henry had truly a master mind, do not get their ideas in the same manner most of us do. And any how the truth is stranger than fiction.

About forty years ago a farmer lived in a small town, called Detroit, in the western part of the U. S. A. He had a small farm and was noted about the community for his miserly ways. Now Henry had but one horse, and the steed was ready to leave this earth at the slightest bidding of the angel Gabriel. The sad day finally arrived and Henry hesitated and faltered at undoing his purse strings for the price of another.

"Men are always making discoveries; why can't I discover something to take the place of my horse?" he reasoned.

His wife, Lizzie, advised him to traipse over to Joe Dodge's barn and discover it in one of the stalls there.

But Henry was all keyed up at the possibility of inventing something new. So he went into the barn to think. He had heard somewhere of the steam-boats and thought of a steam-horse. But still, he wanted something absolutely new.

Henry hit upon an idea and ran to get a hammer before he forgot it. He took the four shoes of the dead horse, the bit and reins, four tin cans, one milk pail, three old batteries that he had found the last time he went to town, and a basket of iron scrapings

and a box of bolts. These he placed before him on the bench. After a few deft moves and manipulations he heated the mass. Then, as he saw part of it was melting, he took away the flame. He began to hammer and screw bolts in here, there, and everywhere. Next he placed the contraption in a light wagon he hadn't used for years. He stretched four belts, made of the reins, from the four wheels to four cog-like contrivances on the unnamed contraption and connected the batteries. After surveying the result for a moment, he tied a tank on back and connected it to the contrivance which he now called the engine. The rest of the wagon he named the body.

His car was now ready to run, but he must have some sort of fuel; so he filled the tank with a mixture of hard cider and lamp oil.

He turned the handle on the side of the engine. It let out a roar and the four tin cans bobbed up and down in groups of two. He got in and released the brake. It moved, slowly at first, but gaining speed as it made more noise and rolled down the sloping driveway. Then fate took a hand—horrible, joy killing fate. A twig dropped from a tree right into Henry's engine. Praise the Lord it continued to run, but a peculiar knock was now present. Try as he might Henry could not get rid of it. This knock enabled him to give it its name of "Lizzie," in honor of his wife, and has passed down through the ages as a means of telling Henry's car from the rest of the four wheeled stallions.

The Seven Sleepers

Parker Tobin, '33

Undoubtedly there are but few of you who have had the weird but revealing experience of walking along a hotel corridor at three o'clock in the morning. Moore has written, "T'was the night before Christmas and all through the house not a creature was stirring not even a mouse"; but the event which causes me to pen this amateurish work, occurred not before Christmas, nor could a mouse have endured the din which I heard.

If ever a veritable pandemonium of snots, snarls, whistles, wheezes, cackles, and groans broke loose, they were loose now. I had just stepped from the elevator. I stood transfixed. An unearthly, eerie sound was coming through the transom of the room opposite me. My room was seven doors away. How could I ever get there? A new thought struck me. Perhaps it was the death rattle. Surely someone was in his last throes. For several minutes I stood too frightened to move. Finally it dawned on me. It was the noise of a sound sleeper. I wiped the sweat off my brow and moved on.

The next door brought forth its own distinctive clarion somewhat like the Twentieth Century Limited pulling into a station. How could the little woman whom I had seen enter this room emit such a screech? Looks certainly are deceiving. No longer frightened, I proceeded leisurely along the corridor. Behind the next portal I heard a queer sniffing sound like one hears when the steam comes up in the morning. I passed on. A soft comforting purr came to my ears, resembling the family cat's contentment when curled up before the hearth on a cold winter evening. It was the sure indication of a clear conscience. How I envied that fellow. As I strolled further on I heard a pathetic groaning such as one hears in the waiting room of

a dentist's office. Or maybe it was the result of a badly digested dinner. Enough of that, I would try the next room. What a peculiar eruption issued forth! If you can imagine a hog trying to whistle, you know what it sounded like. It was a series of grunts rising in volume and followed by a shrill blast. After the effort he gave sort of a sign of relief and then started all over again. My next door neighbor must have inherited his snore from his ancestors. It was the old fashioned buck saw snore, a loud snort and then something very reminiscent of the peanut vendor. I stood and admired the man. How could he keep it up and not gasp for breath.

I went into my room, resolutely and carefully closed the transom, blocked the keyhole and lowered the window, resolved that my own peculiar snore would not add discord to discord.

A DOG

R. Abbott, '33

A dog is a never ending delight. O yes, you have the delight of trying to fill up his immense cavity with quantities of food. How delightful are his whines to be let out and his subsequent howls and scratchings to be let in—just when you are in the room farthest from the door. It is delightful to comb burrs from his tail, especially when he *will* sit on it. How delightfully soothing to the temper it is to find him calmly chewing on one of your best shoes. The struggle to get it away from him as he tears through the house is equally delightful. He has a way of licking your face with his slobbery tongue, which is particularly delightful if he has halitosis. But after all, that appealing look in his eyes and that impudently cocked head soften the most drastic resolutions and you wouldn't part with the rogue for any mischief.

An Excerpt from My Autobiography

Kathryn Rector, '33

Two hours spent at the bottom of an elevator shaft—and two life-savers in my pocketbook.

"Well, we oughta get outa here before t'morra mornin'. Th'ngineer cun work up pressure pretty quick," was all the comfort we got from the elevator boy, at first. After a bit he became more fluent and told us the details of another expedition to the hard cement bottom of the well and then hastened to assure us that we were having an easy time and proffered us a newspaper to entertain ourselves.

I was in no mood to be entertained. The last train for home left in a little less than half an hour—two life-savers still in my pocketbook, but that wasn't much consolation. I'd even rather have the despised oatmeal I'd refused at breakfast. Maybe I wouldn't get a chance to refuse it the next morning.

And then—"Shure, and we can't get any pressure out here. I'm thinking ye'll be there all night. Shure, now when I was in Dublin—" but the rest was lost in the hysterical scream of a girl who suddenly remembered that her four cats might starve before she got home.

Our elevator boy had been working away at a great rate and now he had one side of the cage open so he could reach the burglar door, thinking that possibly it might prove a way of escape if we didn't get any pressure before morning.

It certainly proved a way of escape. In an incredibly short time the door was opened and an armed squad was facing us, as much amazed as we were.

When the elevator boy had tried to open the door, a bell had rung at police headquarters and the officers were all prepared for desperate crooks; instead of which they

found several thoroughly frightened girls and a grinning elevator boy, who assured us as we were leaving that he had said before that he would fix everything O. K.

I celebrated my rescue by eating both life-savers at once, as I knew I could again have the pleasure of refusing oatmeal for breakfast.

A SMALL BOY'S LAMENT

Muriel Thacker, '32

Do teachers ever stop to think
That little boys sometimes,
Are very full of energy
That's never told in rhymes?

Those teachers stand so straight and prim,
And look up every aisle,
And when you look right back at them,
They never crack a smile.

Oh, teachers have their heads so full
Of knowledge and the like,
They never think that you might be
A-dreaming of your bike.

And when you stay in after school,
You often sit and wonder
If teachers ever played with "mibs,"
And if they have been younger.

They never seem to realize
In school you're tired of staying,
And when they start to scold you hard,
You wish you were out playing.

You have been told in Sunday-school
That God made everything.
But there's one question in your mind
That seems to cling and cling.

Though teachers can be very nice—
More so than one supposes,
You wonder why God didn't make
More boys with freckled noses.

Two Hours of Systematic Study

Eunice Burdick, '32

"Home study is absolutely essential to success. Even with the longer day, no pupil can expect to do satisfactory work unless he gives at least two hours to systematic study at home every day. If the pupil elects an additional subject—"

There is much more, but we'll let that pass. Of course, it is taken for granted that every pupil does spend these two hours in the afore-said systematic studying and therefore this is merely an investigation to see *how* and not *if* he spends his time.

After supper, of course, there are the papers to be read and a radio program to which he listens "every night except Saturday and Sunday." These with various and sundry bits of conversation with members of his family, occupy him until eight o'clock. Then he settles down to study.

At this point, I shall abandon the use of the word "he" to refer to my subject, for boys may have an entirely different method. To continue, *she* settles down to study. A mental review of the home assignments comes first, to determine the easiest. The decision finally made, there isn't much choice in the matter, this subject is done, and she heaves a sigh of relief. Then, if a member of the family is about, she says sadly, "I can't seem to remember that assignment. I must call up so-and-so." If there is no one about, she merely goes to the telephone, thereby saving herself a slight prevarication. At any rate, so-and-so is called up. The conversation, also depends on the presence or absence of parents. If the former, it is limited to an inquiry and thanks, and then is terminated by a none too gentle hint from behind the newspaper. If the latter, it consists of "Have you heard? . . . No, really? . . . Oh, and incidentally," and lasts until the clicking by an irate sharer of the telephone line, or the presence of so-and-so's parents brings it to

a timely (from the view point of the lady who wants to use the phone) end. Another subject is started—then pushed aside. She sits with her chin in her hand, evidently thinking over deep problems. Just how deep they are is evidenced when she goes to the head of the stairs and calls, "Mother, will you sew a snap on my blue dress? If you don't, I won't have a thing to wear tomorrow. What? No, I can't—I have loads of studying to do. Well, I *am* studying. I just happened to think of it." As she returns to her desk, pondering over the injustice of parents, she is seized with a desire to "show 'em." With a vision of a string of A's on her next report card, she pulls a book toward her and is soon endeavoring to find out the whys and wherefores of rainbows. The diagrams are horribly complicated things, with lines "A B and C D, angles E F G and H I J, etcetera, etcetera, ad nauseam. Just as she begins to have a faint idea of what it's all about, she sees the heading of the next paragraph—"Why we sometimes see double Rainbows." This is too much—there is a limit to human endurance!

The clock strikes ten. It's Monday night and time for that keen orchestra. Rushing downstairs, she turns the dial to exclude someone's symphony orchestra, which Mother has been enjoying, and is soon giving squeals of "Oh, I love that piece," and, "Isn't he marvelous!"

The chair is comfortable and someone has placed a box of candy on the table beside it. The program ends. Another begins and ends, and yet another and another. Finally a voice is heard, "If you've finished your studying, you really must go to bed."

Startled, she murmurs, "If I've—Oh, yes!" And with thoughts of untranslated French and unlearned battles, and vague ideas about rainbows, she goes upstairs, her systematic studying completed in exactly four hours!

The Disappointed House

Marguerite Day, '33

Alone it stood and miserable on its cliff by the mighty sea. It was built to bring happiness to a young girl after her marriage. She died, and her lover soon followed her. From then on its tenants were few; it seemed to bring unhappiness to all connected with it. Its very shadow on the water seemed to forecast disillusionment.

This house was then turned into a summer home, but neither the brightness of the sun nor the sparkling of the water could break the spell it cast over all. It was soon abandoned, however, because of the eerie feeling it created. Alone it stood once more, but not forgotten. In winter the low dull rumble of the waves, and the cruel howl and tearing blasts of the wind made it seem more unhappy. Soon it was occupied again, this time by many famous diplomats of foreign countries. They had gathered here for the negotiating of diplomatic affairs. Again it upheld its reputation, as nothing of importance resulted from that conference. Yet it did not give up hope but seemed to be waiting, waiting for someone to come.

At last a wonderful opportunity came. It was given a chance to redeem itself. It had been selected as a place for refuge for Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin upon a successful flight from France. It was refurnished with beautiful pieces of furniture, fit only for a queen. It was repainted, its blinds changed from a dull, lifeless green to a happy, twinkling color. The house seemed to be happy. The moment came, but the bad luck of the house still held. The flight was unsuccessful. Over night its appearance changed. It grew dull and disconsolate. Again it stood aloof on the cliff, looking austere down on the happy world.

It changed inhabitants several times. Occasionally came children to live there, but even their laughter and joyousness could not

brighten the house. It came to be feared by people. The name "home" was never applied to that house. People hated to go near it, much less live in it. Today it stands on the cliff, an old weatherbeaten mansion of time gone by. Sailors look at it and shudder. It represents to all who know its story trouble mixed with sadness.

TO—

Thou art as fine a friend as ever man
Could want upon this living throbbing Earth.
The hasty tide of friends may ebb and flow,
For they are mere acquaintances like mist;
May still thy friendship be the same as now,
An inspiration that achieves success.
Thy self instills a charm to all it meets,
A gracious touch of kindness and belief,
My only wish is that the same true friend
I still may meet again for happy times—
To watch the fog rise up and cloak the dark,
Weaving a spell of fancy and delight.
Friendship! thy fleeting shades are here be-
sought;
Come bide with me! while life rolls swift
to naught.

THE TOTEM POLE

Frederick Cleaves, '32

Surrounded by the Arctic snow and ice,
The totem pole, with cold and barren gaze,
Out o'er the bleak land stares through haze
Of cold Antarctic seas and snows—Gripped in
ice
Of frozen sod, all hard and cast, and nice
As pure Carrara marble. In maze
Of pinnacles it stands; beholds through days,
Ordeals of flesh and blood as Fate casts dice:
The image of a god for heathen people,
Who worship and adore its carven face
With simple minds revealing fear unknown,
As standing there, it reaches like a steeple
Its slender length to scudding clouds that race
In winds the heathen deities have blown.

Fruit

Parker Tobin, '33

Tony was a fruit dealer—not in a very large way—but he did have a small store in one of the tenement sections of America's largest city. He had come from sunny Italy two years before and America had seemed like the promised land. Sure, he had to live with his brother a year before he could get along very well, but now he knew most of the American slang and even felt equal to converse with the best in the land. Yes, there was no doubt about it. Tony was getting along fine, that is, until one day a certain young man entered the shop.

He was like other young men, but still he wasn't. He seemed too confident, too sure of himself. One of the "racket men," maybe, thought Tony. The young man approached and asked to speak with Tony. In the rear of the store the young fellow asked Tony if he could interest him in some insurance. Tony didn't quite comprehend. He didn't know just what that large word meant.

"Insurance! never heard of insurance!" remonstrated the young man. "Why all you do is pay a small amount each month and if your store is robbed or burns down all the damages will be paid."

No, Tony didn't want any insurance because he didn't have money to waste on such things. No one would rob his store, nor would it burn down. The fire department and the police force seemed to satisfy Tony.

That night at home he told his brother about the incident. His brother questioned him rather closely and asked if the man had seemed rather angry and spoken threatenly. Well, when Tony thought it over, he guessed he had. Then his brother proceeded, in a way so as not to alarm Tony, to tell him the so-called sales man was undoubtedly a gangster and would surely plant a bomb in the

shop tonight because Tony had not bought the insurance. Tony went up in the air and wanted to call the police immediately.

"No, don't do that," his brother told him, "because we aren't sure. The best way is to take my gun and stay in the store tonight."

Tony finally consented.

It must have been two or three o'clock in the morning, for Tony was very, very tired, when a faint rustling was heard. There was the gangster in the shop. Tony nudged his brother. They both peered intently through the darkness. There it was again. What was that dark shadow in the corner? Had it been there all the time or—Tony raised his gun and bang! A low scream of alarm! Plop!

Tony went over and cautiously felt around.

Holy mackerel! What was that wet sticky stuff? Blood! Yes, and a head. He drew away in disgust.

"Turn on de light!" he yelled to his brother.

The store became suddenly bright. Tony stared—There was his cat wisely blinking at him and a large round hole in the middle of a grape fruit.

THE AIR MAIL PILOT

Mitchell Boyd, '32

High over head he wings his way,

His path the trackless sky;

His throbbing motor hums a tune,

Like some great dragon fly.

Come storm, come gales, come day, come night,

He guides his silver plane;

O'er town and city, lake and field

He cuts the clouds in twain.

O, nerves of steel that pilot has,

The will to do and dare,

And steady hands and keen, clear eyes,

Make him the king of air!

Two Men of The World

Willett Rowlands, '33

Jeff Perkins and Spud Nevins sauntered slowly and rather shyly from the freight yards of Ta-cum-sa, a small but honestly growing city of the mid-western prairies, toward the business section of that thriving community. They had just modestly alighted from a fast freight after having escaped the police of a small town in the last state. From there they had managed to come away with a few of their smoothly earned dollars. The people of that town had probably heard of gold bricks before. They would have to pull some other gag next time.

Proceeding towards Tacumsa's main business street, new ambition seemed to dawn in these two old grafters. Very likely it was the sign on a saloon which they perceived farther down the street that caused the noticeable increase in their hitherto slow pace.

Sitting quietly in one corner of the low ceilinged room, dense with tobacco smoke, they felt the urge to converse over their drink. Said Jeff: "Well, Spud, here we are free from pursuit in a new town filled with hard-working people who haven't a place to spend their money where it will do any good."

"Looks like we might clean up some good profits if we work the right gag," commented the business-like Spud.

"Yes," replied Jeff, "how about pulling the old Union and Pacific Railroad Company bond on some innocent prairie hick?"

"No, that won't do at all, we'd better go in for something else besides bonds or false companies. How will the old medicine and detective game work? It's a lot surer and you can play the detective and I'll be old Waw-waw himself again. We'll find the mayor of this town and try it out."

"Just the thing. These hicks look as though they'd fall for that line."

Jeff and Spud left the saloon and found a

small room in a local boarding house at a reasonable price and began their preparations. Jeff went to a druggist and purchased a hundred pint bottles to fill with water and a little bitter chocolate for zest and color in the medicine. He filled the bottles in their room and stuck some brightly colored lables on them. He had the lables left over from their last medicine venture and he had carried them in his coat pocket ever since that time. Spud in the meantime had left to find the mayor's office and to carry out his end of the plan.

The next day Jeff had a small platform rigged up in a side street and had started to offer his cure-all medicine to the public, on the basis that "You can fool some of the people, some of the time." He was just getting under-way in his persuasive sales talk about the marvels of his medicine and how it would cure anything from a severe sore throat to the most sunken case of fallen arches, when he felt the usual tap on the shoulder. Turning around he was confronted by the man with the huge silver star on his coat lapel; the sheriff.

Jeff demanded casually, "Well, officer, what's the complaint?"

"Well, only that you're selling shady drugs without a license from the city," came the reply. "Come with me to the City Hall."

Later, as Jeff sat in the Sheriff's office in the City Hall, he was requested to come to the mayor's house by a rather breathless man, who said it was the mayor's orders.

"What's the trouble with the mayor?" questioned Jeff.

"He's sick-a-bed and a moanin' and a groanin' like a dyin' calf," answered the man, evidently one of the mayor's servants.

"What does he expect me to do about it and where's his doctor?"

"Oh,—his doctor is twenty miles out of

town and there isn't another around here."

"Well, I'm no medical man, but I'll go along to see him anyway."

Accompanied by the sheriff, Jeff was taken to the bedside of the apparently ailing mayor.

"Well, what's the trouble with you, mayor?" greeted the medicine man.

"Ow-oo—I'm dying, I guess, if you don't do something quick," moaned the sick man.

"Come to, you're not dying," ordered Jeff. "Who's this man at the foot of the bed?"

"Why he," explained the mayor, "is my nephew, John Pendleton."

"Yes," said the man referred to, "I'm here with uncle during his sickness and I hope you can do something to relieve his condition."

"Well, I'm not much of a doctor," declared Jeff honestly, "but I'll try a little of my vegetable compound on him and we'll see what happens."

"Ow-oo—," wailed the mayor, "there are pains running up and down my spinal column and all in and out through my ribs."

"Just the thing for that," asserted Jeff, "Why we once cured an elephant of that trouble. Now just open up and we'll make those pains disappear like nothing at all. However I'll have to give you one of my exclusive hypnotism treatments which will bring about the desired effects, and which will cost you the small sum of four hundred dollars."

"Quite a price," answered the mayor, "but I guess my life is worth that much."

After taking the dose and the ceremonious treatment which consisted of over half an hour of mysterious passes and pokings in the ribs, the mayor sent the sheriff after the money from his safe. The sheriff returned and handed four new one hundred dollar bills to Jeff who took them.

"Hold," shouted John Pendleton. "Let's have those bills, Jeff Perkins, and you're under arrest!" As he said this he drew

forth a murderous looking revolver and aimed it at Jeff.

"What does this mean?" demanded Jeff, standing aghast with the expression of one who has been framed, and holding the money as if undecided whether to put it in his pocket or to hand it over, but finally deciding to hold it just where it was.

"It simply means that you are one of the most vicious fakers in twenty-one states and that I've been following you for months trying to secure your arrest. I'm a government detective and never before have I had to resort to such a drastic move to get my man. Let me have those bills. They are marked and will be used as evidence that you received money for working as a doctor without legal permission. Due to the ruse laid by the mayor and me have we been able to catch you."

All this time the mayor had been jumping up and down in his bed and slapping everybody on the back greatly excited by the whole scene. The detective had taken and pocketed the money and said to the prisoner, "Now if you'll come along with me we'll have just time enough to catch the train to St. Louis, where the trial will be held." Addressing the mayor he said, "Thanks a lot for your co-operation in this case and your money will be returned to you after the trial."

Jeff and Spud sat comfortably in a pullman car moving swiftly away from Tacumsa. Spud, alias John Pendleton, the government detective, if you haven't so recognized him before, was exceedingly satisfied. Hadn't they come into Tacumsa in a freight car without any finances and weren't they leaving that city in a pullman, without any fear of pursuit? As he thought of the mayor and his money he took an extra long puff at his cigar and exhaled it with a deep sigh of contentment, probably wondering what would be the next swindle of the two grafters.

Further Education

Royal Abbott, '33

The school year will soon be over and some of us will be going to college. The material advantages of a college education have been proved many times by statistics. But further study and education may do something more—enable you to get more fun out of living.

A good example of a person who gets real romance out of life is Roy Chapman Andrews, famous explorer of the Gobi desert. After college he kept right on studying—learning Norwegian, Chinese, Japanese, and various Asiatic dialects—not because he had to, but from the sheer joy of his work; and

this knowledge fitted him for his great explorations.

So study something this summer. Begin another language, read a little on some science, read about unfamiliar countries, investigate the history of lesser known sections of the world, try to learn the solution of the cubic equation—do anything interesting and profitable.

Summer days are long and there is plenty of time both for a lot of swimming and a little reading. Then pick out something you will have some fun doing, instead of being bored to death, and go to it.

A SONNET TO THE SEA

Mitchell Boyd, '32

I hear the blind sea chanting to the moon,
Of half-forgotten days that are no more,
When pirates hid their gold on many a shore,
And winged clippers flew by blue lagoon,
And now again I hear in the old sea's tune,
The old song of the storm with thunderous
 roar,
While screeching sea gulls wildly dip and
 soar,
And angry skies and rolling waves commune,
I pause to think of all the brave strong hearts,
By card or star who sailed the Seven Seas,
Those mariners who sleep within the deep,
Unmindful now of stars and maps and charts.
Perchance they find in heaven the salt sea
 breeze,
"All's well," for God eternal watch shall keep.

DREAMS OF A SPINSTER

Carolyn E. Blake, '32

At morn—
I am a queen in fairy land,
A little girl with doll in hand,
And then a charming belle
While in a palace I do dwell,
In dreams—

At noon—
There is a man so fine and strong
To only him could I belong,
A cottage in a country town
With vines and flowers growing 'round.
In dreams—

At eve—
My grandchildren hover 'round me near
To hear my tales of grandpa dear,
In him with face so white and kind
My greatest comfort ever find.
In dreams—





JOHN WILLIAM STEWART

Date of Birth—January 30, 1915

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"The rule of the many is not well,
One must be chief in war and one, the king."*

"Johnny" is the most popular boy and one of our best athletes. He was the captain of our football team and proved to be a good leader. He also excelled in basketball, baseball and track. "Johnny" is going to Massachusetts State next year and our best wishes go with him.

Glee Club. Football 2, 3, 4 (Captain 4). Basketball 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4, (Captain 4). Track 2, 3, 4. Class President 3, 4. General Chairman of Junior and Senior Prom.

EDWARD RANKINE DONALD

Date of Birth—September 2, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Knowledge is more than equivalent to force."

"Ed" is one of the quiet members of our class. Sometimes we are almost led to think he is bashful, but like many bashful folks (if we can call him one) he is extremely good-natured. "Eddie" has been keeping this to himself but we found out that he was a good basketball player. "Ed" plans to go to Northeastern and such a fine student and good fellow will be very successful.

Football 1, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Baseball 3, 4. Golf 2, 3, 4. Vice-President 4. Senior Play. Junior Prom Committee. Student Council 3, 4, (Pres. 4). Picture Committee 4.



LOUISE MAGDALENE CRONIN

Date of Birth—March 25, 1914

Place of Birth—Somerville, Mass.

*"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."*

Louise is our very efficient class secretary, and also was a very nice cheer leader. Next year she wants to enter some good hospital and take up nursing. And no matter where she goes we know that she will come out on top. Good luck, Louise!

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Sophomore Dance Committee. Gym Meet Committee 3. Basket Ball 1, 2, 3, 4. Junior Prom Committee. Tennis 3. Soccer 1, 2. Senior Prom Committee. Student Council 4. Class Secretary 4. Senior Play. Senior Ring Committee.



ROBERT ANDREW SHINE

Date of Birth—June 20, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Who that well his works beginneth
The rather a good end he winneth."*

"Bob" is about the best natured member of our class. You never see him ruffled and seldom see him running except when he is on the N. H. S. "gridiron" where he was a valuable asset. "Bob" plans to leave us for California where he will work next year.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2. Wrestling 3. Hockey 1, 2. Class Treasurer 4.





LLOYD KNIGHT ALLEN

Date of Birth—March 26, 1913

Place of Birth—Roxbury, Mass.

*"He towers above the rest of us**But he's just as good as the best of us."*

"Bud" is one of the most care-free members of our class. Nothing ever seems to worry him and his grin is evidently perpetual. However, he has his serious moments, as witnesses his work on the Senior Play Committee. It is also rumored that he is a shining light in "Math." Next year "Bud" is going to the Northeastern School of Business Administration where his good nature will bring him many friends.

Sophomore Dance Committee. Junior Prom Committee. Senior Play Committee. Advocate 4. Senior Prom Committee.

THOMAS GARDNER ALLEN

Date of Birth—January 1, 1914

Place of Birth—Jamaica Plain, Mass.

*"He laughs as though he would die**At the slightest pun or joke."*

"Tom" is never idle. His day seems to be filled to the brim with his many activities, not the least of which is driving his roadster about town after school hours. He is a member of the famous band of "Minute Men" and he and Bert and "Gil" seem to be inseparable. Tom is going to Harvard next year, where his popularity will surely continue.

Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Track 2, 3, 4. Senior Play. Senior Prom Committee. Class Colors Committee 4. Treasurer 2.



SHIRLEY CAROLYN AMSDEN

Date of Birth—January 7, 1914

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

*"She is very good to look at**And even nicer to know."*

Just to look at "Shirl's" picture will give you one reason for her popularity. But her good looks and stunning clothes are not her only assets, for her friendliness puts an end to any envy that they might arouse. And what a charming actress she was in "Big Time!" "Shirl" tells us that next year will find her at Posse-Nissen studying physiotherapy.

Basketball 1 (Capt.). Volleyball 1. Class Ring Committee 2. Junior Prom Committee. Senior Class Colors Committee. Senior Play. Vice-President 3. Association Dance Committee 3.



FLORENCE EVELYN ARMSTRONG

Date of Birth—December 25, 1913

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Though modest and retired**She rules her own mind."*

"Doll" is another one of those persons who appear to be quiet, but when you really know her you find she is a very jolly person. "Doll" is one of our faithful typists and is always willing to help. We have always depended upon her, too, for our rope climbing in the gym meets. She plans to attend Mansfield Beauty Culture School and who knows perhaps some day she may be a great specialist.





MARGERY ELIZABETH AUCOCK

Date of Birth—August 21, 1915

Place of Birth—Dorchester, Mass.

*"E'er our lips could ask her
Her hands the work had done."*

Behold the heroine of "Big Time." And how "Margie" can act! She is also an excellent debater, and the members of English IV B can testify to her ability in this subject—all in all a very talented young lady. We could suggest all sorts of exciting careers for her, but she is steadfast in her intention to be a nurse. Best o' luck, "Margie!"

Hockey 1. Volleyball 2. Soccer 2. Senior Play. Senior Play Committee. Debating 3, 4. Advocate 4.

JULIA BACCHIOCHI

Date of Birth—October 10, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"A girl who quietly winds her way
And does her duty day by day."*

Julia will always be remembered as a conscientious girl with large dark eyes. She plans to go to work next year. We all wish her success in the business world.

Basketball 1. Hockey 1. Glee Club 2, 3.



BARBARA BAILEY

Date of Birth—February 18, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

Barbara is one of those persons who are easily excited. She is always seen madly rushing from place to place. Barbara was a valuable jump center on the basketball floor. She intends to be a dental hygienist and we wish her best of luck.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Volleyball 1, 2. Hockey 1, 2. Senior Play. Senior Prom Committee.



MAYNARD BICKFORD BARNES

Date of Birth—August 20, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"I would more reason my guide."

Here is a young man who knows more about the weather than all the rest of us put together. He not only is a meteorologist but a printer, and his methods are ultra modern. He thinks that he may go to business school, but we suggest that he become a member of the U. S. Weather Bureau.





MONA FLORENCE BAYERS

Date of Birth—May 25, 1913

Place of Birth—Halifax, Nova Scotia

*"Mischief sparkles in her eyes,
And her laughter never dies."*

Mona is a person with happy feet that love to dance. Next year she intends to enter Mansfield Culture School.

Baseball 1. Hockey 1, 2. Basketball 1, 2, 3.

CHARLES DANIEL BELL

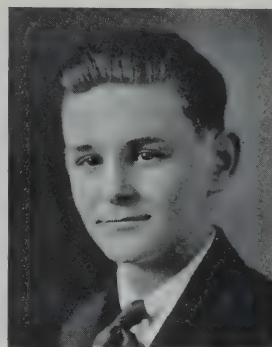
Date of Birth—June 26, 1915

Place of Birth—Somerville, Mass.

"Then he will talk—heavens, how he will talk."

Who doesn't know Charlie? He is a versatile sort of chap, who does everything well. He is a fine drummer and a corking dancer. Best of luck, Charlie!

Football 2. Orchestra 4. Glee Club 3, 4.



MARION BICKFORD

Date of Birth—February 9, 1915

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

"Joy shared is joy doubled."

Whenever you see "Marnie" she is wearing a pleasant smile. Marion is a quiet member of the class to those who don't know her well. She plans to study to be a dental hygienist next fall and we know nothing will hinder her from becoming successful.

Senior Play. Picture Committee. Senior Prom Refreshment Committee. Hockey 1, 2. Basketball 1, 2, 4. Volley Ball 1, 2, 3.



HELEN BIELSKI

Date of Birth—January 14, 1915

Place of Birth—Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

*"Small and witty,
Well dressed and pretty."*

Ever since we can remember, Helen has brought clippings of all kinds to classes. She is always on the look-out for something new to bring to us. Helen intends to go to work next year and we wish her all the luck in the world.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1. Track 1. Volley Ball 1, 2. Hockey 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 4. Soccer 2. Advocate 4. Senior Play.





MARSHALL IRVING BIRKETT

"Slow to speak, slow to wrath."

"Marshie" is so good natured that one can't help but like him. He seems to take peculiar delight in either playing baseball or punching "Bud" Allen. Although he prefers holding down the first sack on a baseball team, he can play well at any sport. Wentworth Institute will claim him next year.

Baseball 3, 4.

CAROLYN ELIZABETH BLAKE

Date of Birth—July 22, 1914

Place of Birth—Sawomet Beach, R. I.

"Mix reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

"Carol" has a weakness for "tickling the ivories" and she has been a faithful member of the orchestra for some time. She is also faithful to her studies; we have never known her to be unprepared. "Carol" plans to go to Middlebury next year. We hope that she won't forget her classmates when she has become a famous musician.

Sophomore Dance Committee. Advocate 3, 4. Orchestra 3, 4.



MITCHELL CAMPBELL BOYD

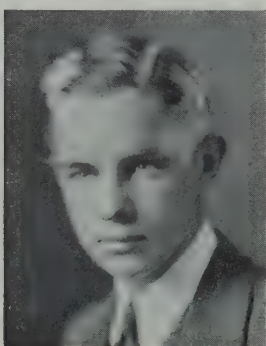
Date of Birth—October 9, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"This above all, to thine own self be true."

"Mike's" good-natured grin has made him one of the most popular members of our class. His activities are many and varied; his chief interest outside of school is in a wireless set and in school he is the efficient editor-in-chief of the "Advocate." Next year "Mike" intends to go to Dartmouth where we know his popularity will be as great as it has been in N. H. S.

Advocate 3, 4. Editor-in-Chief 4. Senior Play Committee. Student Council.



OLIVE MAY BRYER

Date of Birth—May 8, 1912

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"A companion that is cheerful is worth gold."

Olive has been one of the quieter members of our class during her four years of high school, but her artistic ability is indisputable. We were a bit surprised at her intention of becoming a nurse but we know that her friendliness and cheerful disposition would be assets to her in any line of work.

Baseball 1. Basketball 1. Hockey 1. Volleyball 2. Senior Play.





EUNICE BURDICK

Date of Birth—February 21, 1915

Place of Birth—Brooklyn, N. Y.

*"Tis the mind that giveth grace
To the charms of form and face."*

Eunice is full of pep and likes to be doing things. What would the "Advocate" have done without her as business manager? She will leave a gap that the Juniors will find hard to fill. She possesses unusual scholastic ability and we feel sure that she will be one of the shining lights at Wheaton next year.

Advocate 2, 3, 4. Sophomore Dance Committee. Junior Prom Committee. Senior Prom Committee. Senior Play. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2. Soccer 1. Volleyball 1. Gym Meet Committee 4.

JANE BURTON

Date of Birth—December 9, 1914

Place of Birth—Milton, Mass.

"As merry as the day is long."

Jane is one of the most popular members of our class. She is very active in all lines of school affairs. She is going to Bouvé next fall and her personality will make her a very successful gym teacher.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2. Soccer 1, 2. Volley Ball 1. Sophomore Dance Chairman. Junior Prom Committee. Senior Prom Committee. Senior Play. Advocate 3, 4. Student Council 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. S. A. A. Dance Committee 4. Tennis 3, 4.



ANNA CALITRI

Date of Birth—September 26, 1914

Place of Birth—Barrington, R. I.

"Why should I not look happy?"

We never hear much from Anna except in biology. Her plans for next year are undecided but we are sure she will be a success in whatever she undertakes.

Hockey 1, 2, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 4. Baseball 1. Volley Ball 1, 2. Soccer 1, 2.

CHARLES ARTHUR CARPENTER

Date of Birth—November 1, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Excessive diffidence obscured his merit."

Charles is full of fun, and sometimes it is hard to tell whether he is serious or otherwise. No one has ever seen him ill tempered. He wants to go to West Point. Best of luck in the old army game, Charlie.

Football 3.





EVELYN LORRAINE CHADWICK

Date of Birth—July 16, 1913

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"By the works, one knows the workman."

Evelyn is so quiet we hardly know she is around. But we think she is one of the most good natured girls in the entire school. She plans to take up nursing and will enroll in the Massachusetts State Hospital in the fall. We wish you the very best of luck, Evelyn!

BURNADETTE CHAMBERS

Date of Birth—October 18, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham Heights, Mass.

"Endeared in the hearts of her friends."

Burnadette is planning on a P. G. next year. We wonder if she is coming back for another year of Commercial Law. We think she would make a good lawyer.



ANNE CHIAPPISI

Date of Birth—November 14, 1913

Place of Birth—Needham Heights

*"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game above the prize."*

Anne is a vivacious girl, very popular among her classmates. Her witty remarks in Law and English classes will not soon be forgotten by her friends. Anne is undecided as to whether she will enter Burdett College or come back to N. H. S. as a P. G.

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 1, 2, 3. Volleyball 3.
Soccer 1, 2. Debating Club 3, 4. Senior Play.



LOUISE CECELIA CHILSON

Date of Birth—August 27, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Prosperity to the man that ventures most to please her."

Louise is an excellent reason for that famous preference of gentlemen. Her long hair has been the envy of many girls who have been going through the agony of "letting their hair grow" this year. Her plans for next year are as yet indefinite but we predict that no one with Louise's sunny disposition could help being successful.



EVA ELIZABETH CHURCH

Date of Birth—January 10, 1914

Place of Birth—Grand Rapids, Mich.

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

Eva is noted for her originality and her many talents. She has been responsible for our prom decorations and designed the costumes for the senior play chorus. And when the charming Chinese dancer removed her wierd mask, who should appear but Eva! This versatile young lady also seems to have plenty of time for social activities. Next year Eva will attend the Modern School of Costume Designing and we predict both fame and fortune for this talented member of our class.

Sophomore Dance Committee, Junior Prom Committee, Nominating Committee, Senior Color Committee, Student Activity Dance Committee 4, Senior Play, Senior Prom Committee, Glee Club 3, 4, Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.



FREDERICK THURBER CLEAVES

Date of Birth—October 10, 1913

Place of Birth—South Boston, Mass.

"I am the master of my fate."

"Fred" is a friend to everybody. He is such a cheerful sort of chap that one cannot help liking him. His excellent sense of humor makes him a corking good cartoonist and the "Advocate" will miss his cartoons next year. Fred is also a good athlete and a fine student. He is following his brother's footsteps to Dartmouth next fall. We're all with you, Fred!

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Track 1, 2, 3, 4, Golf 2, 3, 4, Advocate 3, 4, Senior Play Committee, Senior Prom.



HOPE JANET COBURN

Date of Birth—November 28, 1915

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Her simple smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky."

Hope is planning to be a nurse. Next year she is going to train at the Children's Hospital. We are sure that her pleasant smile will cure her little patients before any medicine will.

Basketball 1, Advocate 3.



ETHEL LOUISE COLE

Date of Birth—November 18, 1914

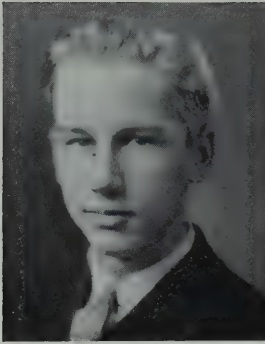
Place of Birth—Halifax, Nova Scotia

*"The work of the world must still be done
And minds are many though truth be one."*

Ethel is one of the most dependable members of the class of 1932. She was the efficient prompter of our senior play as well as a member of the chorus, and always seems ready to help other people out. Her plans for next year are uncertain but her friendliness and dependability will help her in whatever may be her chosen career.

Senior Play, Advocate Board.





CHARLES WARNOCK COLEMAN

Date of Birth—December 17, 1915

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"And why should life all labor be?"

"Charlie" is one of the youngest members of our class but you wouldn't know it to look at him. If you have ever tried to wrestle with him you will find out that he is quite strong. He certainly looks well in his usher's uniform. He hasn't definitely decided what he will do next year, but we wish him all the luck in the world.

ALYCE VIRGINIA COOKSON

Date of Birth—December 12, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Always thoughtful and kind, and untroubled."

"Skeezix" is one of the peppiest members of our class. She is one of the star forwards on our hockey team and excels in all sorts of athletics. She and Gladys and Doris form a seemingly inseparable triumvirate. "Skeezix" also shows her pep in the typing room. Next year she will go to Bridgewater Normal School and we certainly envy her pupils.

Hockey 1, 2, 4. Basketball 1, 2. Track 1, 2, 3. Volley Ball (Capt.) 1. Senior Play Committee 4.



BARBARA CORLISS

Date of Birth—September 12, 1913

Place of Birth—Wollaston, Mass.

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

Barbara is one of our quiet classmates. She intends to enter Newton Hospital next September to begin her career as a nurse. Who wouldn't want to be sick if he could have Barbara to watch over him?

Basket Ball 1, 2. Hockey 1, 2. Senior Play. Glee Club 1.



CORNELIA ERLINE COUGHLIN

Date of Birth—February 21, 1915

Place of Birth—Auburn, Maine

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

"Mary" is one of the cheeriest members of our class. Her good humor and contagious laugh will be an asset in her chosen work of nursing. She is going to the Massachusetts General Hospital next year.

Hockey 1, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 3. Track 1, 3. Senior Play. Soccer 1, 2. Volley Ball 2, 3.





EDWARD CRONIN

Date of Birth—April 17, 1912

Place of Birth—Watertown, Mass.

"I am not in the role of common men."

Eddie is one of the more jovial members of our class and he will have his little joke. His plans for next year are to attend the University of New Hampshire. Well, Eddie, we know that your smile will carry you through, no matter what you attempt.

MARGARET DERENZO

Date of Birth—June 26, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Self trust is the first secret of success."

Margaret has been faithful to her studies in the business department of our school. Although she has not confirmed the rumor, we have heard it whispered that she intends to enter the medical profession. We will not be surprised if she will be doctoring us some day. Good luck, Margaret!



LEONARD CRESSY DERWINSKI

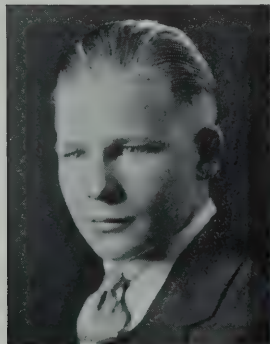
Date of Birth—March 16, 1916

Place of Birth—Beverly, Mass.

"By the works one knows the workman."

"Dewy" is one of our class artists and whenever there are cartoons or posters to draw "Dewy" is on the job. Next year he plans to return to his Alma Mater for a Post Graduate course, and then he has art school in mind. Good luck to you, "Dewy", we know you'll make good.

Senior Play, Glee Club 4.



CATHERINE DRONEY

Date of Birth—January 17, 1914

Place of Birth—Chelsea, Mass.

"The gentlest of all gentle girls."

"Kay" appears to be one of the quiet members of our class but with her friends she is lots of fun. She is undecided as to what to do next year but we wish her the best of luck at whatever she tries.

Baseball 1.





LUCIAN DRURY

Date of Birth—August 14, 1914

Place of Birth—Bloomfield, New Jersey

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

How we all envy Lucian's wavy hair. He is very studious and is usually letter perfect in his lessons. He is very cheerful with his intimate friends and he always has a smile for everyone. Brown claims his attention next year and we know that he will be just as well-liked and successful there as he has been in Needham.

Basketball 2, 3. Tennis 2, 3, 4. Manager of Track. Glee Club 3, 4. Junior Prom Committee. Senior Play Committee. Senior Play.

DEXTER JOSEPH EATON

Date of Birth—September 23, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"His cheeks are like the blushing cloud."

"Dek" is one of the members of our class who has a perfect marcel. He has a good sense of humor and also has a pleasant remark and a cheerful smile for everyone. He plans to attend Boston University next year. Best of luck, "Dek."

Glee Club 2, 4. Senior Play. Prom Committee. Hockey 3. Track 4.



EVA JANE EDGAR

Date of Birth—September 25, 1914

Place of Birth—Malden, Mass.

"With few words; but high ideals."

Eva's beautiful red hair is the envy of her classmates. We are sure that her cheerfulness will win her a high place in the field of nursing. She plans to enter the Massachusetts General Hospital next year.

Track 1. Debating 3.

KATHERINE MAY FINNERAN

Date of Birth—May 8, 1915

Place of Birth—Cornish, N. H.

*"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."*

There is always a need for nurses and thank goodness there are such friendly, capable little people as Katherine to fill the need. Massachusetts General Hospital claims her next year. We are for you, Katherine!

Glee Club 2, 3, 4.





LENA FRAZETTI

Date of Birth—December 18, 1913

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

Lena is one with the gorgeous wavy hair and nice smile; in fact she is a very pretty girl. We don't know her plans for next year but we wish her all the success in the world.

Glee Club 2, 3, 4.

ROBERT NEWTON GILBERT

Date of Birth—April 22, 1914

Place of Birth—Rockford, Illinois

"A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown."

Good old Gilly! He is one of the wheels that make our class roll on; we couldn't do without him. He is one of the finest looking and keenest thinking chaps we know. We predict a worthy future for him.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Senior Play Cast. Prom Committee 2, 3, 4. Gym Team 3, 4. Glee Club Operetta 4. Advocate 3.



HERBERT GLECKMAN

Date of Birth—October 2, 1914

Place of Birth—Cambridge, Mass.

"Knowing him is enough!"

Gleckman is going to be one of the coming business executives. Just watch and see! He is starting his career next year at Boston University. Good luck, Gleckman!



RUTH CAROLYN HASENFUS

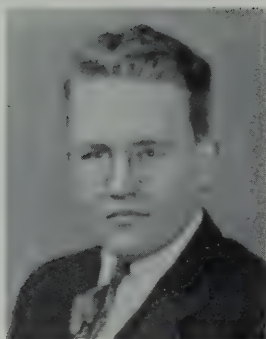
Date of Birth—August 15, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"High nature amorous of the good
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom."*

"Ruthie" as she is better known is one of our quiet members. She is pursuing her studies in the Commercial Department faithfully and although she is undecided as to her future career we know she'll succeed.





JOSEPH BAIN HATCH

Date of Birth—April 13, 1913

Place of Birth—Mattapan, Mass.

"We are but men: no gods are we."

Whenever you want information on the latest expressions, song hits, etc., just ask "Joe." He is planning to take up a Sales Training Course next year and we know his friendly personality will bring him success.

Wrestling 2, 3. Track 3. Glee Club 3. Christmas Play 4.

MAURICE ATWOOD HOLMAN

Date of Birth—September 1, 1913

Place of Birth—Malden, Mass.

"He works his work, I mine."

"Maurie" is forever plugging away at his studies, especially Chem. We know he'll make a good Chem. professor after he graduates from Mass. State, where he is planning to specialize in Chemistry.

Senior Play Committee. Student Council.



RUBY MAY HORNE

Date of Birth—July 21, 1914

Place of Birth—Quincy, Mass.

*"Welcome ever smiles
And farewell goes our sighing."*

Wherever there is excitement we find Ruby and her pal Everetta. How these two would ever get along if separated—well we just hate to think of it. Ruby is undecided as to her future plans but we wish her success.



MARY HORSFORD

Date of Birth—March 2, 1912

Place of Birth—Readville, Mass.

*"As genial as sunshine, like warmth to impart,
Is good natured word, from a good natured heart."*

Mary is one of the quiet members of our class. She has been a great help to the track and basketball teams. She is undecided as to what she will do next year but we know she will be successful in whatever she does.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Track 2, 3, 4. Hockey 4.





RUTH MARJORIE HORSFORD

Date of Birth—August 17, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That make the path before her always bright."*

Ruth is a quiet little soul, and is one of our smallest members. We know her pleasing disposition will win her success as a nurse.

Sophomore Class Ring Committee. Volleyball 1. Basketball 4.

JAMES HUTT

Date of Birth—July 22, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"We grant, altho he has much wit
He is very shy in using it."*

Altho "Jimmie" hasn't been heard much among us he has certainly made himself a valuable member to our class. He is one of our quiet members, the kind that we like to have around. He has not yet made definite plans for the coming fall. Here's to him!



SPENCER JOHNSON

Date of Birth—July 7, 1914

Place of Birth—Akron, Ohio

"Blessed is he who has the gift of making friends."

Spencer has covered most of the ground from Arizona east. He does fine work as a debator and is one of the social lights among us. He has also served as a very efficient flutist in the school orchestra for four years. He plans to pursue his studies at Dartmouth where we know he'll rank high.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Debating 3, 4. Student Council 3. Basketball 1, 2, 3. Senior Play Committee. Advocate 4. Tennis 2, 3, 4. Senior Play Cast. Senior Prom Committee. Cheer Leader 4.



ROBERT WALTER KELLEY

Date of Birth—August 7, 1915

Place of Birth—Roxbury, Mass.

"Is but our friend and comrade still."

Bob has a way and he never has to say much to command attention. He plans to attend a business college after graduation. He hasn't decided just which one but his many friends are willing to vouch for his success in whatever line of activity he follows.





ERVIL CLAYTON KENNETT, JR.

Date of Birth—December 19, 1915

Place of Birth—Medfield, Mass.

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

Clayton is a very likeable human being. His interesting bits of information in Economics class have been especially welcome. Clayton tells us that he is going to take a P. G. next year.

Glee Club 3, 4. Hockey 3, 4. Baseball 3, 4. S. A. A. Dance Committee.

COLETTE KENNEY

Date of Birth—September 25, 1914

Place of Birth—Charles River Village

*"The goodness of heart is shown in deeds
Of peacefulness and kindness."*

Little need be said about Colette. Her freckles and smile are witnesses to her friendliness and capability. She has brought glory to Needham many times on the hockey field, basketball floor and tennis court. She will most certainly be a great success at Bouvé next year.

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. (Captain 4). Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Vice-President 1. Senior Prom Committee. Tennis 3, 4. Student Council 2, 3, 4. Advocate Board 4. Senior Play. Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Cheer Leader 3, 4.



DOROTHY ELIZABETH KEOGH

Date of Birth—May 19, 1915

Place of Birth—Natick, Mass.

"Art is long and Time is fleeting."

"Dot" is a very quiet person, but it is rumored she is a very speedy typist. "Dot" will make a very efficient stenographer for some wise business man.

Basketball Manager 4.



EVERETTA KIRK

Date of Birth—December 5, 1914

Place of Birth—New Brunswick, Canada

"How calm she comes on."

Everetta is the girl with the great big grin and the big long line. She seems always to be happy and keeps her classmates in stitches a good part of the time. If ever you wish to find her, look for Ruby Horne, her running pal. Everetta is undecided as to her plans for next year. At any rate we wish her all sorts of luck.





LENA LANDI

Date of Birth—June 12, 1912

Place of Birth—Philadelphia, Penn.

"Virtue is not a thing remote."

Lena is a very quiet girl whom we always connect with Julia. Lena is undecided about next year, but we wish her success in whatever she chooses.

Glee Club 1, 2.

GERTRUDE ANNAH LANE

Date of Birth—March 19, 1914

Place of Birth—Providence, R. I.

*"A dainty girl from head to toes—
With dancing eyes and lots of beaux."*

Everyone knows "Gert's" voice and stride; she is a vivacious sort of person with an infectious giggle and a cheerful word for all. She has done well in her studies thru school and plans to attend Simmons next year. We know she'll make good and we all join to wish her the best of luck.

Hockey 3, 4. Baseball 2. Volley Ball 1. Sophomore Dance. Junior Prom. Senior Play.



ELEANOR MADELINE LANG

Date of Birth—January 6, 1912

Place of Birth—Jamaica Plain, Mass.

"Industry need not wish."

"Linor" as Eleanor is better known to her friends, intends to go into training to be a nurse after high school. It sure seems to be a big undertaking for such a little girl but that's what she wants to do. If she manages to be as popular with her patients as she is at school she'll certainly get along. What we wonder is,—will "Stan" have the patience to let her have patients?



JESSIE REBECCA LANSBERG

Date of Birth—October 18, 1914

Place of Birth—Roslindale, Mass.

"Our thoughts and our conduct are our own."

Anyone who frequents the Chem. lab after school on Thursday and Friday afternoons, is bound to see a very industrious quiet young lady doing experiments far ahead; whereas most of the others are getting "caught up." Jessie apparently has very unusual will-power and push to her. She rates very well scholastically, and has about every kind of a letter there is to get in sports. She plans to go to Simmons next year, too. Needham High School will certainly be well represented there.

Hockey Manager 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Volley Ball 1, 2, 3. Soccer 1, 2.





ANN LEARNED

Date of Birth—June 10 1914

Place of Birth—Winchester, Mass.

"A sunny nature wins lasting friendships everywhere."

"Annie" as Ann hates to be called, just adores to dash around and do the unusual. She is pretty much of what we call an all-round-girl. Next year she is going way off to Penn Hall. We all hope she has the best time and the best of luck possible!

Junior Prom. Senior Prom. S. A. A. Dance 1932. Sophomore Dance. Hockey 1. Advocate 4. Tennis 4. Basketball 1, 3. Volleyball 1, 2.

ANNE MAY MACIUNSKI

Date of Birth—December 14, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Elegant as simplicity and warm as ecstasy."

The major part of Anne's time has been spent in working in the commercial department. Her diligence, and cheerful air have helped her to maintain a high standard in her work. Although Anne is undecided as to what she will do next year, we know that she will be a great success.

Hockey 1. Basketball 1. Baseball 1. Track 1.



HELENA FRANCES MARSELLI

Date of Birth—December 5, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Mistress of herself though China fall."

All through school Helena has "gone strong" for sports and it is certainly to a good end. She wants to go to Bouvé next year where her type of girl gets along and makes good. As the seasons roll round she is always out for that particular season's sport. She and Eleanor Lang are most always together. Perhaps after Eleanor cures her patients, Helena will teach them gymnastics. Best of luck!

Field Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. (Capt. 4). Baseball 1, 2. Track 1, 2. Advocate 3. Glee Club 3, 4. Gym Meet Committee 1, 2, 3. Student Council 4. Junior Prom Committee.



ELIZABETH DEXTER MAY

Date of Birth—May 1, 1915

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"We live and think."

Elizabeth, but never called anything but Betty, has always depressed us because she has excelled so in her studies, being on the honor roll during her entire school year. She intends to go to Wellesley where we know she will still maintain her high scholastic record.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play.





LENA MINKOVITZ

Date of Birth—September 9, 1914

Place of Birth—New York City

"Talent is nurtured in solitude; character formed in the storm of the world."

"Minkie" has the appearance of being rather quiet, but those who know her will tell you they know of no one more pleasing and friendly. "Minkie" was one of our best athletes. She was a valuable wing on the hockey field and side-center on the basketball floor. Next year "Minkie" thinks she will attend a business school. Good luck.

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3. Volleyball 2, 3. Track 2, 3.

ALEXINA MITCHELL

Date of Birth—April 22, 1915

Place of Birth—Stoneywood, Scotland

*"'Tis the mind that giveth grace
To the charms of form and face."*

Who doesn't know Scotty? She was our best left half back on the 1932 Girls' hockey team. Not only did she play hockey, but she participated in practically every sport. Scotty was one of our honor roll students during all the four years of high school. Her plans for next year are as yet undecided but whatever she undertakes we know she will be successful.

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Volleyball 1, 2, 3. Glee Club 2, 3. Secretary Sophomore Year. Picture Committee. Senior Prom Committee. Senior Play.



MARGARET MULLAN

Date of Birth—November 13, 1913

Place of Birth—Worcester, Mass.

"No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of someone else."

When we see any written work beautifully done, we know it must be Margaret's. Her ability in penmanship is still unchallenged. Although she's undecided we know that like her sister Julia she'll attain great success.

LAWRENCE MUMFORD

Date of Birth—August 17, 1913

Place of Birth—Brant Rock, Mass.

"One man is as good as another—and often a great deal better."

"Laurie" always was one for keeping quiet but he certainly can talk when in a tight fix. He keeps poor Miss Fessenden busy answering bewildering questions in Math. Although "Laurie" is undecided at present, when he does choose his career he'll surely reach the top.

Glee Club. Football Manager.





RUTH EMILY NICHOLS

Date of Birth—March 20, 1914

Place of Birth—Nova Scotia

"She well might grace Diana's temple."

We the class of '32 do hereby invite you, in case of necessity, to go to the Mass. General Hospital where lovely "Ruthie" will attend you. She has always been the most cheerful companion and her perfect disposition has enabled her to have many as her friends. Watch those Harvard Medical Students, "Ruthie."

Basketball 1. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play. Advocate Board. Glee Club Operetta.

GEORGE DEMING PARKER

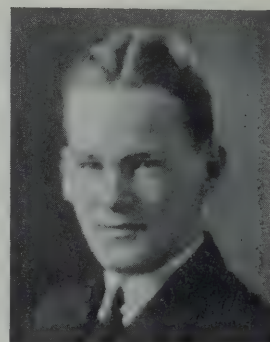
Date of Birth—October 24, 1913

Place of Birth—Everett, Wash.

"Come then, and run a run with me."

George, a great debater, is also a star track man. Since his advent to Needham High School he's been running successfully and so next year he will run to Harvard. We feel that some track records at Harvard are about to be broken.

Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 2, 3, 4. Senior Play Committee. Debating Club. Student Council.



HORACE JUDSON PERRY

Date of Birth—July 18, 1913

Place of Birth—Hancock, N. B.

"A life that leads melodious days."

Horace is one of the happy-go-lucky members of the class. His witty remarks in the class room are always enjoyed. Horace is most unlike anybody else especially when it comes to talking French. His plans for next year are indefinite, but we wish him luck at whatever he does.

Basketball 3. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Advocate 4.



MARY PLATUKIS

Date of Birth—February 5, 1915

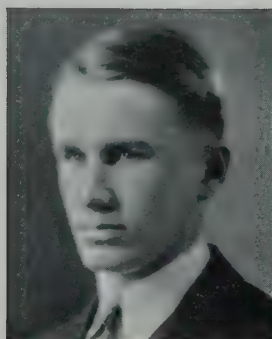
Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Thought is deeper than all speech."

Although athletics hold a great interest for Mary, her time has been faithfully spent in the Commercial Department. Her good natured disposition has turned many a gloomy day into a cheerful one. Mary intends to go to business school next year where her good disposition will be a great asset to her.

Hockey 1, 2. Volley Ball 1. Senior Play.





ABBOTT RAND

Date of Birth—January 2, 1913

Place of Birth—Dorchester, Mass.

"Industry need not wish."

Abbott is one of the quiet, good-natured members of the class, however we are of the opinion that he is a very jolly fellow. Abbott's plans for the future are indefinite, but we wish him luck.

KATHRYN RECTOR

Date of Birth—June 23, 1914

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

"Zeal and duty are not slow."

All of us at some time or other are glad to see a quiet, reserved person and Kathryn would answer to this description. Although she has never taken part in athletics and other school activities we know she will push steadily upward in whatever work she chooses for the future.

Senior Play.



BERT S. RICHARDS, JR.

Date of Birth—July 8, 1914

Place of Birth—Oak Bluffs, Mass.

"Let every man look before he leaps."

Everyone knows "Shorty" as one of the up and coming members of our class. Although he has only been with us two years he made himself one of us in a very short time. He is a good student, an excellent athlete, and we all have seen him display his remarkable football ability. "Shorty" plans to attend Harvard next year where we all know he will make good.

Football 3, 4. Hockey 3, 4. Track 3. Prom Committee 4. Debating 3. Student Council 3, 4. Tennis 3. Golf 3. Wrestling 3, 4. Boy's Gym Meet 3, 4. Advocate 4. Senior Play. Picture Committee.



ELLEN EUGENIA RICHWAGEN

Date of Birth—June 16, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"A sweet attractive kind of grace."

Ellen has chosen wisely her vocation of teacher, for she is an excellent student. She is also quite a bookworm. You must not think though that Ellen devotes all her time to studying. She has been in the Glee Club for the past three years, and has helped our basketball team come out on top. Here's to your success at Bridgewater Normal, Ellen!

Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.



BERTHA HILDA ROISSING

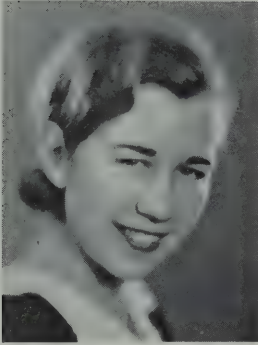
Date of Birth—September 26, 1914

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

"God giveth speech to all, song to few."

"Bert" sure can sing and if you haven't heard her, you've missed something, as we who have can testify. "Bert" likes to dance, too, and she is always on deck when there's a bit of music and a dance floor, even in lunch periods. She is also quite clever with her needle. Now if you must be sick just take yourself to the Deaconess Hospital, and nurse-to-be Bertha will see what she can do to help you.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Operetta. Senior Play. Christmas Play. Senior Prom Committee.



ANNIE BARBARA ROKLAN

Date of Birth—April 29, 1915

Place of Birth—Newton, Mass.

*"A happy heart for yourself you'll find
By being loving and true and kind."*

What would our basketball team have done without Anna's "crack shots?" At the same time Anna has been keeping up with her studies, and her frequent arguments with Mr. Small have been enjoyable, especially to the rest of the class. We are not surprised to hear that she expects to attend Portia Law School, where we know she will have a great success.

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Track 2, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3. Volley Ball 1, 2, 3. Senior Play.



ROBERT BRUCE ROSENKRANS

Date of Birth—November 19, 1913

Place of Birth—Oakmont, Penn.

"A smooth and steadfast mind."

"Bob" literally eats up languages. Latin, French and English grammar mean nothing to him. However his talents to do, do not stop here for he sings, first rate. "Bob" is undecided in his choice of a college, but it will be either Vermont or B. U. Is there any doubt of his future success?

Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Senior Play. Football 2, 4. Baseball 2.



ERNESTINE ROSS

Date of Birth—June 9, 1915

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"For all the world would call her friend."

"Ernie" is her own reason for her popularity. Aside from the fact that she's witty, blond, good-natured, and a peach of a dancer, "Ernie's" good fun to have around. She is musically inclined, having played and sung in the orchestra and Glee Club respectively throughout High School. "Ernie" is going to B. U. in the fall.

Prom Committee 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, 3. Advocate 4. Volley Ball 1, 2. Senior Play. Baseball 2.





ROBERT RONALD ROSSI

Date of Birth—January 29, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free!**Why aren't they all content like me?"*

"Robby" is another of those happy-go-lucky people that you can't help liking. He has been prominent in every line of sport. "Bob" is especially noted for arguments with Mr. Small in Law class where he always comes out smiling. His plans for next year are as yet indefinite, but wherever he goes or whatever he does our good wishes go with him.

Football 2, 3, 4. Basketball 2, 4. Wrestling 4. Chairman of Picture Committee.

BARBARA SANBORN

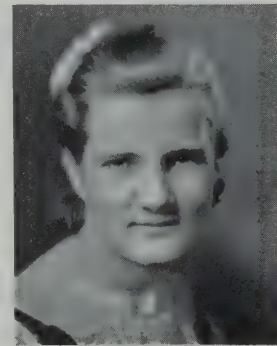
Date of Birth—November 8, 1915

Place of Birth—Roxbury, Mass.

"She that is slow to anger is better than the mighty."

Nothing seems to worry "Babs", and that's a dandy trait in an actress. Yes, "Babs" is headed for Broadway via The Staley School of the Spoken Word and we're all expecting passes to her New York premiere. "Babs" likes to sing and play the piano. While she is at school we'll get down the bright lights to spell her name with.

Glee Club 2. Senior Play. Hockey 3.



ERNEST MILTON SANDS

Date of Birth—May 5, 1914

Place of Birth—Medford, Mass.

"Few can possess such qualities of cheerful ways and friendliness."

"Ernie is one of the wittiest and noisiest boys of our class. He was ill this year and we all missed his laughing and wise-cracking. "Ernie" was exceptionally good on the gridiron and also in basketball and baseball. We might say "Ernie" plays the part of a shadow for wherever you see "Marnie" you see "Ernie," too. He plans to work on some line of newspaper work for the Globe. That huge smile and wit will surely help him along.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Wrestling 4. Glee Club 1, 4. Senior Class Play. Christmas Play.



VERA SCRIMA

Date of Birth—June 14, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free."*

Vera is another one of those people whom nothing seems to bother. We never see her without a smile. She plans to return next year and pursue her studies at N. H. S.

Glee Club 2. Baseball 1. Volley Ball 1.





GLADYS MURIEL SHAW

Date of Birth—July 20, 1914

Place of Birth—Lowell, Mass.

"Thought is deeper than all speech."

Gladys is one of the most silent members of our class. She came to us from Lowell in 1929, and has accomplished much in typing. We wish her luck in her chosen profession.

WILLIAM EDWIN SIMPSON

Date of Birth—September 7, 1912

Place of Birth—Huntington, England

"A man he seems of cheerful and confident tomorrows."

"Bill" is not exactly a loquacious member of our class, but he is a valued one, nevertheless. He came to Needham from England in 1928 and was soon liked by everyone. His plans for the future are undecided.



WALTER STUART STANFIELD

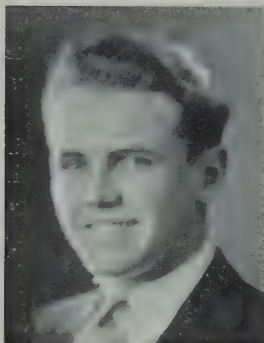
Date of Birth—January 13, 1914

Place of Birth—Newton Center, Mass.

*"O heaven! were man
But constant he were perfect."*

Behold the Apollo of our class! "Stan" is the best looking, best dressed boy in our class, if not in the whole school. Yet he is a fine hockey player and if we had had good ice this winter he would have been a big asset in making our team a top notcher. We predict that soon "Stan" will be a theatre magnate.

Hockey 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2, 3.



EDWIN MITCHELL STARKWEATHER

Date of Birth—September 10, 1913

Place of Birth—Wakefield, Mass.

"A mighty man is he."

Eddie is one of our best all round athletes. He was captain of our undefeated wrestling team. "Ed" is a person you can't help liking. We are sure his pleasing disposition will help him when he goes to work next year..

Football 1, 2, 3. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4, (Capt. 4). Wrestling 2, 3, 4, (Capt. 4). Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Sophomore Ring Committee. Class Treasurer 3. Student Council 3, 4. Vice-President 4. Advocate 3. Gym Team 3, 4.





FLORENCE SYLVIA STEADMAN

Date of Birth—Sept. 6, 1914

Place of Birth—Brookfield, Mass.

"The light that lies in woman's eyes."

Although Sylvia has only been with us two years she is one of the most popular girls of the Senior class. Sylvia has decided to attend the Bouvé Boston School of Physical Education next fall and we know she will be successful. We all wish her the best of luck.

Basketball 2, 3. Hockey 3. Junior Prom Committee. Senior Prom Committee. Senior Play.

CHRISTINE STEWART

Date of Birth—March 12, 1914

Place of Birth—Tacoma, Washington

"I hate nobody: I am in charity with the world."

"Chris" is one of our most friendly members and always a pleasant companion. Her fine acting in the Senior Play shows what she can do in that line. Her success in whatever school she attends is assured. She is considering Emerson.

Secretary of the Class 3. Senior Play.



FRANCES ALICE STIGLER

Date of Birth—June 6, 1916

Place of Birth—Brooklyn, N. Y.

*"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair."*

"Chucky" is one of the more quiet members of our class who always has a smile for everyone. Her plans for next year are to study to become a dietitian. We are sure she will succeed because she has the ability to work hard.

Basketball 1. Hockey 1.



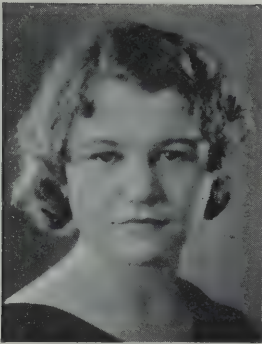
MELVIN COWLES STORRS

Date of Birth—December 23, 1911

Place of Birth—Somerville, Mass.

"Storsy" astonishes us by his knowledge in French 111-A, he ranks high in English as well as in Physics. All in all he is one of our best students, but he can make a joke or take one. We hope you got what you came back for "Storsy" and we're sure you'll keep up your good work at Wentworth.





MURIEL CHRISTINE THACKER

Date of Birth—May 21, 1915

Place of Birth—Toronto, Ontario

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

"Mew" is a most cheerful classmate and surely brightens her corner wherever she may be. She is very fond of field hockey and does a fine job of it, too. She is always ready to help us in anything at all. Good luck at Lasell, "Mew."

Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 4. Soccer 1. Advocate 4. Gym Meet Committee 4.

GEORGE ROBERT TILDEN

Date of Birth—November 25, 1914

Place of Birth—Roxbury, Vermont

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward."

"Bob" came through for us in a big way last fall when we needed a tackle on the football team. His smile and humor are well known around the school. We may all be pretty sure, that "Bob" will do well at the Northeastern School of Engineering next year.

Football 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Baseball 3, 4. Senior Play.



JOHN TURNEY

Date of Birth—June 6, 1914

Place of Birth—Cambridge, Mass.

*"Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."*

Johnny is one of our best natured classmates. His smile and cheerful outlook on life brighten up the class-room—to say nothing of his witty remarks. Johnny has not yet decided upon his plans for next year.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2.



JOSEPHINE VELLALI

Date of Birth—June 9, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Oh gentle, loving, trusting friend."

"Jo" is one of the quieter members of the class whom everyone knows and likes. She intends to do office work next year and we are sure that she'll be a great success.





DRUSILLA WATT

Date of Birth—December 21, 1913

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me."

Drusilla is another quiet member of our class. She is new among us this year. Her plans for next year are somewhat undecided but whatever they are her pleasing, reserved manner will pull her through. The best of luck, "Dru."

KENNETH WHITNEY WEBB

Date of Birth—March 6, 1915

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

"You men are savage through and through."

Kenneth is numbered among our more studious members. He seems to be quite popular with four of our Sophomore members this year. So far Kenneth is undecided as to his plans for next year, but we wish him every success.

Football 1, 2. Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Sophomore Dance Committee. Senior Prom Committee.



ROGER PEARSON WEBBER

Date of Birth—February 8, 1914

Place of Birth—Hyde Park, Mass.

"Thought is deeper than all speech."

Roger surprised us with his fine ability as an orator at one of our recent assemblies. He tells us that his plans for the future are uncertain but we would suggest taking up law or oratory.

Hockey 2, 3. Debate Club.



JOHN WENTWORTH, JR.

Date of Birth—July 12, 1914

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"According as the man is,
So must you humor him."*

"Johnie" is one of our members who is very much in evidence. When he left us for a year his place in our class was not filled until his return. His plans for next year are undecided but we wish him every success in the future.





VERONICA JANE WESTON

Date of Birth—May 29, 1915

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Concealed talent brings no reputation."

"Vee" is a member of our class whom we never hear or see grumbling. Perhaps it is that manner that helps her reach the honor roll. Next year she plans to attend a business school. If she maintains the good work she has begun at N. H. S. she is sure to have the best of luck.

Advocate 4. Volleyball 2, 3. Hockey 1, 2, 3. Basketball 3. Senior Play. Glee Club 1.

JOAN WILKINSON

Date of Birth—May 9, 1915

Place of Birth—Brooklyn, N. Y.

*"We attract hearts by the qualities we display,
We retain them by the qualities we possess."*

Joan is one of our studious members. Last year she won a prize for her special work in History. We all know she will make good at Wellesley where she plans to go next year. Good luck, Joan!

Vice-President 1. Hockey 1. Advocate 3, 4. Glee Club 4. Senior Play Committee. Student Council 1.



BARBARA WOODS

Date of Birth—April 28, 1914

Place of Birth—Somerville, Mass.

"Laughing cheerfulness throws the light of day on all the paths of life."

What would we do without Barbara on our Advocate Board or on our athletic teams? She plans to take a Post Graduate next year in preparation for training for a nurse. We know she will make good and don't we envy her patients?

Advocate Staff 2, 3, 4. Hockey Varsity 3, 4. Ticket Committee 3, 4. Class Basketball 2, 3, 4. Track 2, 3, 4. Class Dance. Varsity Basketball 3, 4. Senior Play. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

WALTER A. PETERSON

Date of Birth—February 19, 1913

Place of Birth—Somerville, Mass.

*"Taste the joy,
That springs from labor."*

"Pete" is one of those people who is bothered by nothing. He has been a fine pursuer of sports and other school activities. We know he ought to do well as an optician. Best of luck, Pete!

Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1. Glee Club 1, 3.





SENIOR CLASS REPORT

On the following dates the senior class met and decided the necessary questions:

January 26, at which time the picture contract was voted to be placed at Purdy's.

February 18, the class appropriated the money necessary for senior material in the advocate.

March 24, the dedication of Advocate was decided upon. It was also decided that caps and gowns should be worn at graduation. A committee was to be appointed to select the class gift and also one to plan the class day exercises.

Respectfully submitted,
Louise Cronin, Secretary.

SOPHOMORE CLASS REPORT

The three Sophomore Class meetings held in January and March concerned several important matters. At the first meeting, fifty cents was the amount agreed upon for the class dues. The class colors, blue and silver, were chosen at the second meeting. The business of the third meeting was mainly the request to pay the class dues.

These, in brief, are the substances of the Sophomore meetings.

Respectfully submitted,
Betty Rosenkrans, Secretary.

JUNIOR CLASS REPORT

The Junior Class committee held several meetings during the month of January to make preparations for their annual dance. No other business was taken up.

Respectfully submitted,
Jessie Stewart, Secretary.

SENIOR PROM

The Seniors set a high goal of success with their Prom this year. It was held as usual in the Gym on January 8th. The modernistic decorations in soft shades of green and silver, transformed the base hall into a gay place in which to dance. The music was furnished by the Northeastern Orchestra. Refreshments matched the color scheme of green and silver besides being very edible.

JUNIOR PROM

Everyone attending the Junior Prom, held February 5th was reminded that Valentine's day was near at hand. Red and white streamers with hearts hanging from them were caught together in the center of the ceiling, and around the walls dangled romantic designs of cupids and hearts. Contrary to custom, the decorations remained intact almost until the Prom ended. Two members of the Junior class, Barbara Eldridge and Richard Coleman, won the elimination dance.

SOPHOMORE DANCE

Gay streamers of blue and orange greeted the guests at the Sophomore dance Friday, April 1st. During the course of the evening the dancing went merrily on, to the music of Savignano's orchestra.

At the end of the elimination dance, one couple was left on the floor. Everyone expected them to receive the prize, but they informed the orchestra leader that they did not have the winning number—April fool. At length the winning couple was found on the sidelines, Willett Rowlands and Marjory Knowles. Thus, the last social event of the school year ended a great success.

ASSEMBLIES

February 1.

Mr. Hines entertained us by reading Shakespeare's play "The Taming of the Shrew." It was so very cleverly planned on the part of Mr. Hines that the characters and their actions were very easily followed by any one familiar with the play.

February 8.

A very interesting illustrated talk about George Washington, his life, career and home environment sponsored by the Edison Electric Illuminating Co., was given on February 8th. It was decided the cherry tree story is not true.

February 15.

Room 207 entertained us with a Valentine play called the "Knave of Hearts." The cast of characters included:

King—John Kalinowski.
 Queen—Marjorie Lunsford.
 Page—Albert Hopson.
 Knave—Leo Mulherin.
 Chancellor—William Humberstone.
 Maid—Janet Lewis.
 Cooks—R. Parker.
 Cooks—B. Nickerson.
 Page—Neal Jacobs.

Maid—Florence McKinnon

Maid—S. Maciunski

Maid—J. Marusa.

Maid—D. Riley.

It was very artistically produced under the able direction of Miss Appel.

February 29.

Mr. Edgar C. Raine, a government official, gave an illustrated talk on his experiences in Alaska and Siberia. A nominal charge of five cents was requested and many students enjoyed this talk.

March 7.

"The Imperial Troubadors" under the auspices of Room 210 played several selections including, "Auf Wiedersehen," "Snuggled On Your Shoulder" and "Lies"; Mary Smith and Betty Rosenkrans sang, and Mayola Wall read, "A Heap of Living" by Edgar Guest and "Flossy at the Football game."

March 14.

Shortly after the second lunch period assembly was called. George Washington in person was interviewed by a reporter from the Herald. The sketch was done by Mr. and Mrs. Hart.

March 21.

The N. H. S. crooner, Arthur Owens, again entertained us under the auspices of Room 101. Emily Swagher gave us a few vocal selections. Recitations taken from "David Copperfield" were given by Eunice Whitaker and David Wood.

March 29.

The Debating Club sponsored a debate for the first time this year. Their subject was Resolved: "That Japan's Policy toward China is justifiable." The affirmative side consisted of George Parker, Henry Rosenberger and Roger Webber. The negative consisted of Lucian Drury, Spencer Johnson and Margery Aucock. The master of ceremonies was Parker Tobin. A majority vote went to the affirmative side.

EXCHANGE

Exchanges:

"The Breeze" Cushing Academy.

A very concise magazine, but why not add a few more jokes and stories?

"The Periscope" Bridgewater High School.

All departments could be considerably enlarged.

"The Argus" Classical High School, Worcester, Mass.

You have a good literary department but the others could be somewhat enlarged.

"Red and Black" Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

Yours is a very compact and thorough magazine. The arrangement and headings are well done and we find the class notes most interesting.

"The Abhis" Abington High School. You have a good literary and joke department, but the remaining ones could be enlarged.

"Philomath" Framingham High School. For a monthly issue yours is a very thorough magazine. Why not include a few cartoons?

"The Wampatuck" Braintree High School.

The year book of 1931 is one of the best we've received.

"The Semaphore" Stoughton High School.

We find yours an interesting magazine with a fine joke department. A few cartoons would improve it.

"The Voice" Concord High School. We enjoy your monthly papers. Have you ever considered publishing it less often thereby enlarging it?

"Doverstones" Dover High School. For a smaller school yours is an interesting paper.

"The Peak," Medfield High School. Your magazine is very well arranged for a small school.

"The Arguenot," Norwood High School.

Your magazine decidedly is of high standing. It is well organized and the Foreign Language Department is an asset.

"The Santa Maria," Saint Mary of the Assumption High School, Brookline. Yours is a compact magazine and, unlike most school magazines, has a table of contents.

WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT
"THE ADVOCATE"

"You have published an excellent Year Book."—Whitman, Mass.

"We think 'The Advocate' is the nearest approach to the ideal school publication that we have ever seen."—*"The Abhis."*

"We saw your magazine on display at the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention and liked its appearance so much that we should like to exchange with you." *"The Budget,"* Vail-Deane School, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

We wish to thank all the schools who have co-operated with us in making our Exchange Department a success.

MURIEL THACKER,
SPENCER JOHNSON,
Exchange Editors.

HONOR ROLL—January and February

Seniors—Eunice Burdick, Jessie Lansberg, Elizabeth May, Ina Mitchell, Veronica Weston.

Juniors—Royal Abbott, Marjorie Lunsford, Frank Rosenkrans, Richard Warren, Samuel Weinstein, Eunice Whitaker, Mary Willett, Annie Niden, Barbara Eldridge.

Sophomores—Margery Green, Mildred Geyer, Betty Rosenkrans, Mary Smith.

Post Graduates—Bertha Redonnett, Edith Wildman.

Specials—Elinor Sturtevant, Clara Voorhees.

March and April

Seniors—Elizabeth May.

Juniors—Royal Abbott, Gilman Andrews, Barbara Eldridge, Marjorie Lunsford, Annie Niden, Dorothy Riley, Richard Warren, Barbara Webber, Samuel Weinstein, Eunice Whitaker.

Sophomores—Mildred Geyer, Margery Green, Atherton Fuller, William Lansberg, Jean Morrison, Edith Riley, Betty Rosenkrans, Mary Smith.

Post Graduates—Bertha Redonnett.

Specials—Elinor Sturtevant, Clara Voorhees.

ALUMNI

June Waldron, 1929, was elected President of her class at Wheaton.

Curtis Clark, a graduate of 1931, was elected President of the Freshman Class at Mass. State College.

Allan Catheron, a graduate of the class of 1929, is holder of the Geo. F. Hoar scholarship for the year of 1932 at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He belongs to the radio club and was among those sophomores who won third honors.

Curtis Low, 1931, has received an appointment as alternate for West Point. He has secured a mark of 94 in his examinations, and has successfully passed his physical examination.

Margaret Notman, one of the seven girls doing honor work at Wellesley this year, is analyzing the typical line of all the great periods of art from primitive example to the most modern.

William L. Carter was elected captain of the baseball team this year. Last year he was acting captain of the hockey team and this, his senior year, was captain of the team. Carter was leading scorer on the hockey team this season.

Miss Ivy Warren, post graduate of Needham High 1931 has secured a position with the John Hancock Insurance Company.

George Hemming, and Roger Hadley, members of the Freshman class in the school of engineering at Northeastern, were members of the Freshman Tug of War team.

Eleanor Wragg, a graduate of the class of 1929 and a present Junior at Boston University College of Liberal Arts, has been elected as a Senior Proctor for the academic year 1932-33. This office is based on scholastic record and good citizenship. Eleanor Wragg is one of a group of six seniors elected to the office by vote of the faculty.

Francis W. Cleaves, a graduate of the class of '29, has achieved a scholastic average of 3.8 during the first semester of the present college year and was among the Dartmouth students whose names appeared in the semester report of "Men of Distinction Scholastic Accomplishment."

Irene Fall, '31, a student at the American International College, was among those whose names appeared on the President's Honor Roll for the year.

Sally McKinnon, '29, has been elected president of the senior class at Bouvé School of Physical Education.

Katherine Lewis, '31, who was forced to give up her training at Massachusetts General Hospital on account of sickness, is now doing volunteer work at the Glover Hospital.

Elizabeth MacKinnon, a graduate of the class of 1928, was married to Arthur Carson Rubey this past year and is now living in Dallas, Texas.

Barret G. Getchell, a graduate of class of 1923 and former business manager of the "Advocate", married Blanche Veale and is now living in Philadelphia.

The following post graduates of N. H. S. have secured positions at John Hancock Insurance Company: Bertha Redonett, Edith Wildman, Elsie Evans, and Linda Bond.

Morris Minkovitz was on the Freshman Honor List at Northeastern University for one period this year.

Donald MacPhail was among the Dartmouth students whose names appeared in the semester report of "Men of Distinctive Scholastic Accomplishment." He has achieved a scholastic average of 3.8 during the first semester, the perfect record being 4.0.

Miss Margaret Notman, a graduate of Class of 1928, has been elected to Eta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa at Wellesley College. She is a Senior.



WRESTLING



BASKETBALL



FOOTBALL

SPORTS

N.H.S.

1932



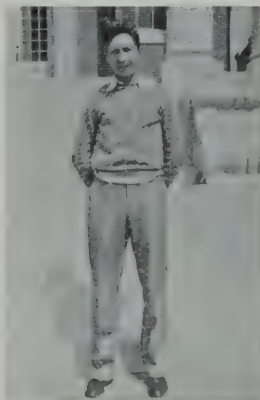
TENNIS



HOCKEY



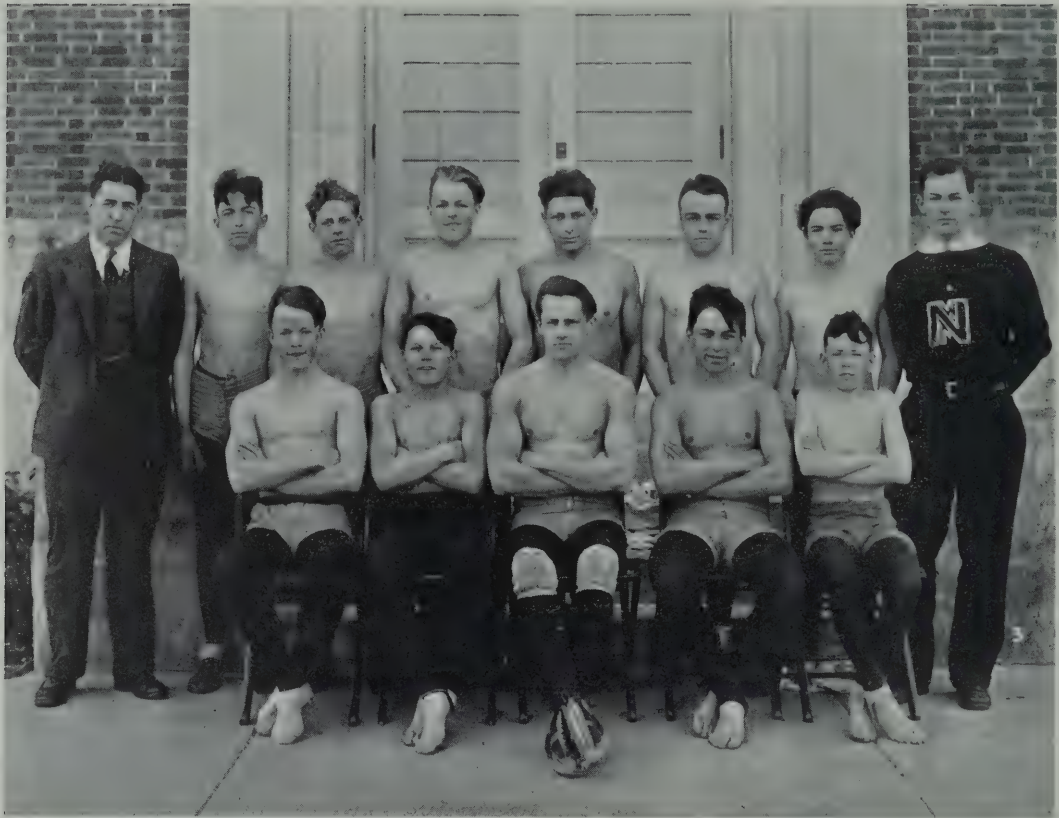
BASEBALL



BASKETBALL



TRACK



WRESTLING

This year our wrestling team made an exceptionally fine record. Our team was not only undefeated but it scored $226\frac{1}{2}$ points to $67\frac{1}{2}$ by the opposition. Wrestling is comparatively a new sport in Needham, this being only its third year. Heretofore five points were necessary to secure a letter, but next year the number is to be raised to ten. Our schedule was increased this year by the addition of Weymouth and North Easton High Schools. Three members of our team, Bert Richards wrestling at 145, Ed Starkweather at 155, and A. Rossi at 165 were undefeated, winning every bout by a fall. A great deal of interest has been shown in this sport during the season as was evidenced by the support it received from the students.

SCORE

Needham 23—Quincy 15.
 Needham 33—Watertown 5.
 Needham 20—Quincy 16.
 Needham 35—Weymouth 3.
 Needham 18—Watertown 14.
 Needham 30—Weymouth 6.
 Needham $37\frac{1}{2}$ —North Easton $21\frac{1}{2}$.
 Needham 30—North Easton 6.

LETTER MEN

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. Wallace | 6. R. Glidden |
| 2. Niden | 7. Waitkunas |
| 3. Shea | 8. Richards |
| 4. Mulherin | 9. Starkweather |
| 5. J. Glidden | 10. A. Rossi |

Mgr. Rogers

Basket Ball Season

Faculty—December.

The boys started off the year in great style by beating their teachers 24-26. It was a very exciting game and a great thing for boys and teachers to play together.

Watertown—January 5.

Our boys played their first game, with the undefeated Watertown team on the latter's own court. We played a good hard game but lost 37-20. Stewart featured for Needham by scoring 11 points to keep up with Captain Patterson of the opponents. The team showed up very well for its first game. Walpole—January 12.

Our boys journeyed to Walpole where they lost a hard fought game 25-37. Glebis whom most remember from football starred for Walpole. Needham's honors were pretty well divided, Johnny Stewart having the edge. Milton—January 15.

We again lost on a foreign court. This time to Milton by the score of 44-28. Stewart again led the scoring for Needham with 12 points. Braintree—January 22.

Mr. Small's boys played their first home game and broke into the winning column by defeating Braintree 43-28. Stewart again was high scorer closely followed by Warren recently moved to forward from guard in an effort to secure more scoring power.

Braintree—January 19.

Tuesday afternoon the faculty journeyed to Braintree where they lost a hard fought game 25-22. Mr. Claxton was high scorer.

Milton—January.

Again our faculty beat Milton, this time on its floor 30-26.

Weymouth—January 26.

The Faculty was decidedly out-classed by the Weymouth teachers and lost 33-17.

Braintree—February 12.

Our teachers were set back by Braintree 39-24. Good of Braintree was outstanding making 14 points.

Quincy—February 16.

The Faculty played the Quincy teachers losing 27-21. Mr. Claxton was high scorer.

Watertown—January 26.

The still undefeated Watertown team came to Needham and departed with their record clean. Kasper was the star for Watertown while Warren was Needham's high scorer featuring with his long shots. Stewart also figured prominently in scoring while Captain Keris played a fine game at guard, also making four points.

Braintree—January 29.

Our boys journeyed to Braintree where they were not able to overcome Braintree's early lead losing 40-31. Stewart, Warren and Murphy did the scoring while Captain Keris was strong on defence.

Natick—February 3.

A somewhat revised team went to Natick where they lost 33-13. Captain Keris now playing forward, made nine points.

Holliston—February 10.

On our own court we turned back a strong Holliston team after a close game 25-24. Warren featured with his long shots in new forward line of Keris, Cleaves (Murphy) Warren. Stewart now playing guard made four points.

Natick—February 12.

Natick played here to win by a smaller score than in the first game namely 32-20. Hladick of Natick led the scoring with 12 points. Warren again was top man for Needham with 10 points. Captain Keris and Murphy each made 4 points while Stewart now playing guard made 2 points.

Norfolk Aggies—February 16.

We were host of the Norfolk Aggie team although not very hospitable. We beat them 39-31. Captain Keris led scoring with 16 points, next came Murphy with 9, closely followed by Warren with 8.



Wellesley—February 19.

Friday evening on our own floor we played Wellesley. After a hard fought close game which at the half was tied at 13-13 we came out on the short end of a 23-22 score. Warren's long shots again were the feature. Captain Keris, Murphy and Stewart also contributed. The second team also lost by the score of 18-16.

Wellesley—February 26.

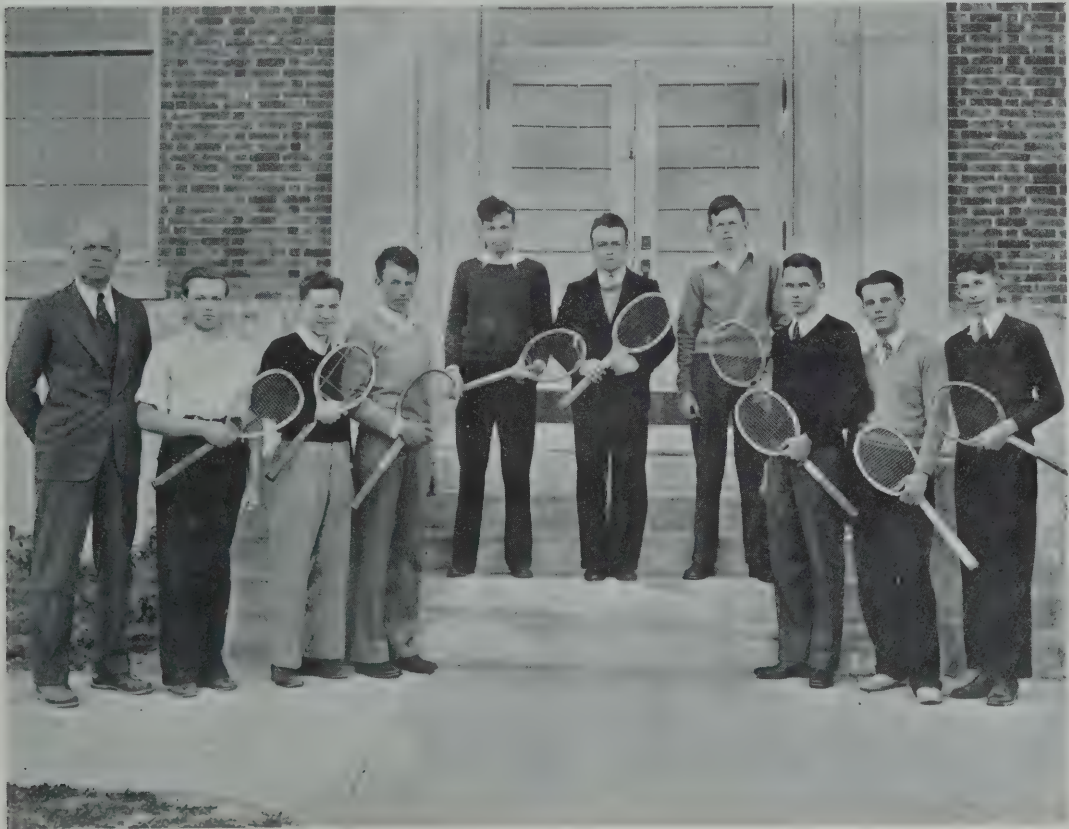
We went to Wellesley's court where after leading at the half 13-7 we lost 19-17. Keris and Stewart made 6 points each, Murphy 4. The second team showed fine form, winning 16-7.

Milton—January 13.

Our teachers triumphed over the Milton faculty 20-15 on our floor. Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Claxton were high scorers.

A new feature in our Athletics this year was an inter-gym class basketball tournament. This was arranged by Mr. Claxton in the following way; each "gym" class was divided up into four basketball teams, each team taking the name of a college. The point of this was to give every boy in the school, regardless of his ability, a chance to participate in competitive athletics. This plan was met with great enthusiasm by all the boys. Not only were some good spirited games seen but many fellows who had not played before developed a great interest in the game. Some good players were found. Before the games were started all the captains met and elected John Keris president of the league.

The winner of this competition was Purdue and the runner up was Yale.







Baseball

Once again we open our baseball season; this time with better prospects than we have had for several years. Besides the eight letter men who have returned we expect that the sophomores will provide some material for the varsity. The one dark spot on the horizon is the possibility that Captain Stewart's arm may not recover from an injury received during basketball season. Johnnie pitched and won both Wellesley games last year, and is expected to lead the team over a splendid season this year.

HOLLISTON AT NEEDHAM

The season was opened on our home grounds with a victory over Holliston by a score of 3-2. Keris and Fay collected two hits each. Tracy and McLaughlin divided the burden of pitching.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball teams were very successful this season especially the sophomores. They won all their games. All the games played were inter class with the exception of a varsity game with the Wellesley High School and one with the Alumnae. Needham defeated Wellesley and the Needham girls defeated the Alumnae by a large score.

The interclass tournament was won by our honorable sophomores although they had to fight hard against the seniors.

The following is a list of the scores:

LEXINGTON

Sophomores—Needham 17 . . . Lexington 17
Juniors—Lexington 28 Needham 10
Seniors—Lexington 29 Needham 23

WELLESLEY

Sophomores—Needham 16 . . . Wellesley 12
Juniors—Needham 24 Wellesley 22
Seniors—Wellesley 27 Needham 17

FRAMINGHAM

Sophomores—Needham 28 . . . Framingham 9
Juniors—Needham 25 Framingham 18
Seniors—Needham 27 Framingham 15

NEEDHAM AT NATICK

With McLaughlin pitching the full game, Natick handed our boys the short end of a 7-6 score. Fay with two doubles and a single and Keris with a homer and a single provided the punch for Needham.

NEEDHAM AT NOBLE AND GREENOUGH

The boys continued the smart baseball by defeating a strong team from the Dedham private school by a score of 10 to 5. Keris continued his fine batting, getting three hits in four trips to the plate and McLaughlin, besides his three hits, gave a fine exhibition of relief pitching. McLaughlin has thus pitched twelve innings of winning ball in three days.

NATICK

Sophomores—Needham 27 Natick 3
Juniors—Needham 15 Natick 9
Seniors—Needham 22 Natick 7

WALTHAM

Sophomores—Needham 24 Waltham 8
Juniors—Needham 23 Waltham 13
Seniors—Needham 29 Waltham 11

VARSITY GAMES

ALUMNAE

Needham 42 Alumnae 27

On Saturday afternoon, February 28, the high school varsity basket ball team played the alumnae. The alumnae consisted of the following girls: H. Hammersley, M. Woodruff, E. Kroog, R. Starkweather, E. Donald, B. Weston, M. Whelan, M. Bond, N. Colburn and D. Crawley.

Although we enjoyed playing with the alumnae our girls proved to be too good for them and as a result we won with the score of 42 to 27.



WELLESLEY VARSITY

Needham 18 Wellesley 6

On March 1, 1932, our varsity basketball team played against Wellesley High School on our own basketball floor. We were victorious with the score of 18 to 6. The victory was due to our excellent jumping center, G. Praetz, combined with the co-operation of the team. After the game refreshments were served in the lunch room to the Wellesley and Needham players.

NEWTON

Sophomores—Needham 29 Newton 9
Juniors—Newton 33 Needham 14
Seniors—Needham 31 Newton 20

LETTER GIRLS

SENIOR GIRLS

C. Kenney
A. Roklan
J. Burton
L. Cronin
B. Bailey
B. Woods
H. Marselli (Capt.)
S. Steadman

JUNIOR GIRLS

T. Silsby
B. Gilbert
I. Toone
J. Starkweather (Capt.)
M. Willett
C. Cobb
L. Bleakney

SOPHOMORE GIRLS

S. Roklan (Capt.)
C. Kennett
M. Green
G. Pratez
J. Foresman
E. Rossi
M. Smith
M. Geyer

GIRLS' GYM MEET

That big blue "N" on our school gym floor announced to the public in general that the girls of Needham High were full of "pep" and "rarin' to go" at their eighth annual gym meet.

The Sophomores started the evening off by a demonstration of mimetics, showing fundamental steps in popular sports. The girls then went back to their grade school days for "School Days," a waltz clog, for they tapped away decorated with Buster Brown bows and bérêts. Marching, by all three classes, was well done. The two folk dances "Little Man in a Fix" and "Vesterbopolsk" provided as much fun for the participants as for the audience.

The Juniors and Seniors went smoothly through their routine of Danish gymnastics. For the first time Rhythmic dancing was introduced and was well received. The apparatus work on parallel bars, springboard, rings, box, ropes, and swing jump was right up to standard.

The girls, following the latest fashion dictates, went military in their tapping. They wore military costumes and shuffled away to the accompaniment of a drum. Our acrobatic clowns tumbled through their stunts in a hilarious style.

The program ended with a group of relay races. The Juniors won the "all-up relay" and the "obstacle race," the Sophomores the "potato race."

At the close of the meet Miss Rowe and Miss Payne were presented with flowers as a token of the girls' appreciation.

The Seniors were responsible for the wild cheering for hadn't they won by the score of eighty-three, which made them the victors for the second consecutive year? The Juniors followed close with seventy-nine points, while the Sophomores had fifty-three.

The judges were Miss Stoddard of the Boston School of Physical Education, Mrs.

Cuntz, supervisor of physical education in Newton, and Mrs. Stratton of the Newton High faculty.

The committees in charge were as follows: General chairman, Shirley Amsden, Josephine Starkweather, Stella Roklan; ushers, Lena Landi, Alice Faehner, Laurice Ferran, Eva Pandolph, Dorothy Roberts, Alberta Van Orum; programs, Myrtle Strong, Hope Coburn, Eva Edgar, Doris Morgan; costumes, Eva Church, Naomi Dalrymple; tickets, Eunice Burdick; judges, Muriel Thacker; music, Carolyn Blake, Eunice Whitaker.

in the finals last year, Jane Burton, who was the runner up and Colette Kenney who won the tournament. The tennis tournament this year will be more interesting because a large number signed up, therefore offering more competition. The tennis team this year consists of the following girls: J. Burton, L. Cronin, C. Kenney, Capt., J. Foresman, M. Kimball, G. Lane, T. Silsby, E. Ross, and B. Bailey.

We not only have tennis within the school but we have games with the following outside schools:

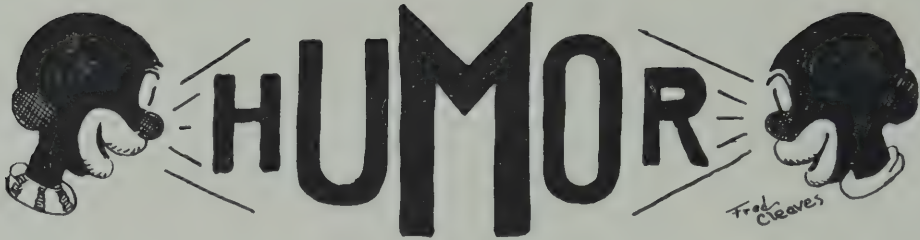
SCHEDULE

May 20—Needham at Waltham
 May 24—Needham at Watertown
 May 27—Needham at Wellesley
 May 31—Newton at Needham
 June 3—Lexington at Needham
 June 10—Wellesley at Needham

GIRL'S TENNIS

The second season for girl's tennis has begun under the direction of our efficient coach, Miss Rowe. There are only three girls left over from last year, but we are fortunate in having the two girls who played





"INS and OUTS of 1932"

Name	Noted for	Failing	Outcome
Allen, "Bud"	prom work	M. B. (not Mitchell Boyd)	paper hanger
Allen, "Tom"	track ability	chemistry	African bushman
Amsden, "Shirl"	good looks	Newton	playboy's wife
Armstrong, "Doll"	manicures	studiousness	night-club hostess
Aucock, "Margie"	debating	curly hair	Ethel Barrymore of 1950
Bachiochi, Julia	posture	H. B.	movie extra
Bailey, Barbara	parties	giggle	M. Bickford's manager
Barnes, Maynard	carpentry	athletics	minister
Bayers, "Aspirin"	Frisco	evening-gowns	home in Blue Ridge Mts.
Bell, "Charlie"	drum	sophomores	sexton
Bickford, "Marnie"	blue eyes	E. S.	some lucky man's wife
Bielski, Helen	headlock	J. B.	fashion model
Birkett, "Marshie"	blush	first base	keeper of bachelor's home
Blake, "Caro"	poetry	John	winner of whoop-la race
Boyd, "Mike"	Advocate work	big feet	radio operator
Bryer, Olive	absent-mindedness	noise	Follies girl
Burdick, Eunice	"Greetings"	clothes	Queen of Schnooks
Burton, "Janie"	that curly hair	French	movie siren
Calitri, Anna	chickadees	appendicitis	parrot-trainer
Carpenger, "Charlie"	hammer and saw	musical instruments	sugar daddy
Chadwick, Evelyn	meekness	social ambitions	toe-dancer
Chambers, "Ducky"	petiteness	Mr. Frost	brunette
Chiappisi, Anna	good nature	cookies	fortune-teller
Chilson, Louise	long hair	Five and Dime	business woman
Church, Eva	talents	dabbling	dress designer
Cleaves, "Freddie"	cartoons	we don't know whom	chief cartoonist of "Le Rire"
Coburn, Hope	orange skirt	E. E.	dress-maker
Cole, Ethel	cheese sandwiches	proms	dairy-maid
Coleman, "Charlie"	ushering	blondes	barber
Cookson, "Skeezix"	G. S.	cigarettes	waitress
Corliss, Barbara	reserve	M. S.	nurse-maid
Coughlin, Mary	athletics	Newton	janitoress
Cronin, "Eddie"	laugh	Mr. Benton	owner of lemon market
Cronin, "Weezer"	line	nothing	matron of orphan's asylum

Name	Noted for	Failing	Outcome
Derenzo, Margaret	whispering	acting	channel swimmer
Derwinski, "Dewey"	art	bronchitis	French teacher
Donald, "Eddie"	sarcasm	puns	Mormon
Droney, Catherine	gum	gym	book-keeping
Drury, "Lu"	curls	anybody	tailor
Eaton, "Decker"	complexion	ears	soap mfg.
Edgar, "Eve"	red hair	H. C.	baker's wife
Finneran, Katherine	make-up	orangeade	blues-singer
Frazzetti, Lena	Frazzetti and Finneran	biology	manicurist
Gilbert, "Gil"	irrelevant argumentation	"Gillie"	keeper of harem
Gleckman, "Gleckie"	shave	German	window jumper
Hasenfus, "Ruthie"	pleasing voice	her ideas	window-shopper
Hatch, "Joe"	jokes	professional wrestler	professional pie-eater
Holman, Maurice	math	women	town-crier
Horne, Ruby	noise	study-room conduct	horn-blower (toot-toot)
Horsford, "Ruthie"	schoolgirl complexion	dish-washing	advertising cold cream
Hutt, "Jim"	minding own business	shyness	pent-house carpenter
Johnson, "Pennie"	crust	bluffing	pie-maker
Kelley, "Bob"	cutting-up	lankiness	flagpole sitter
Kennett, Clayton	side remarks	A. & P.	Robert Moses Grove
Kenney, "C'lette"	athletics	freckles	Olympic champ
Keogh, "Dot"	forgetting prices	"Fivvie"	owner of lock factory
Landi, Lena	seriousness	punctuality	Reno-vated peach
Lane, "Gert"	Pepsodent smile	come-hither look	Mrs. Walter Winchell
Lang, Eleanor	gold-digging	ushers	ticket-seller at Paramount
Lansberg, Jessie	wavy hair	French "u"	extra in African snow-storm
Learned, Ann	"Hi"	adhesive-taped "Chevies"	dowager
Maciunski, Annie	ambitions	slang	sailor's wife
Marselli, "H'lana"	pluck	Miss Harrington	strong lady in circus
May, "Betty"	violin	flunk slips	Queen of May
Minkovitz, "Minky"	frizzy hair	shortness	track star
Mitchell, "Scotty"	jokes	baby talk	kindergarten teacher
Mullen, Margaret	doing lessons in assembly	Dorr's	straining seeds from watermelons
Mumford, "Mummy"	physics	managerial jobs	manager of a pyramid
Nichols, "Ruthie"	her gait	make-up	trolley-car conductress
Parker, "Porgie"	speed	beales	Capt. of Model Men
Perry, "Horatius"	bridge	Freshman	Cradle Robber
Peterson, "Pete"	gallop	flukes	hydrant-jumper
Platukis, Mary	profile	late slips	owner of tea-room
Rand, "Abbie"	getting on nerves	everything	giant-killer
Rector, Frances	glasses	Rector—darned near killed her	pres. of sewing circle
Richards, Bert	dancing	bad cough	Barry Wood of '36
Richwagen, Ellen	black hair	pansies	German teacher
Roissing, Bertha	voice	French pastry	ditch-digger's wife
Roklan, Anna	stoney stares	accidents	owner of quarry

Name	Noted for	Failing	Outcome
Rosenkrans, "Bob"	voice (speaking)	dancing	toothpaste mfg.
Ross, "Ernie"	golden locks	physics	Vice-president of U. S.
Rossi, "Bob"	good disposition	chairmanship	uncrowned wrestling champ
Sanborn, "Babs"	plays	tickling the ivories	pianist at Kresge's
Sands, "Ernie"	being a hard guy	guffaw	property mgr. at the Gayety
Scrima, "Vera"	shrieks	little if any	telephone operator
Shaw, Gladys	A. C.	Yes	Mrs. George Bernard
Shine, "Bob"	"Look what papa's got"	class dues	dust collector
Simpson, "Bill"	being intellectual	wandering around	punching holes in fish- net stockings
Stanfield, "Chief"	slow southern smile (South Boston)	"third and fourth in, please"	heart-breaker
Starkweather, "Eddie"	physique	double "H."	gym teacher
Steadman, "Syl"	dancing	language-s	polygamist in Tibet
Stewart, "Johnny"	athletics	too many women	gigolo
Stewart, "Chris"	acting	elocution	la Baclanova
Stigler, "Chucky"	winsomeness	style	Salvation Army Girl
Storrs, "Mel"	smoothness	knowing too much French	pansy raiser
Thacker, "Mew"	those brown eyes	subtle remarks	women's temperance leader
Tilden, "Bob"	hair comb	baskie-ball	so long Till-den
Vellalli, "Jo"	reliability	curling iron	arbitrator in Venezuela
Watt, "Dru"	we'll make light of this	"You know what"	raising little warts
Webb, "Ken"	hockey	diddling	Otto racer
Webber, Roger	debating	whistling	moth chaser
Wentworth, "Donk"	good clean fun	Miss Dudley	spat mfg.
Westin, "Vee"	honor roll	boisterousness	heaving sighs in Olym- pics
Wilkinson, "Jo"	scout work	studying	pickin' petals off daisies
Woods, "Barbs"	broad jumping	being busy	you guess—we've done the rest
Turney, John	his twin	which one?	missionary
Horsford, Mary	letter writing	none that we know of	governess

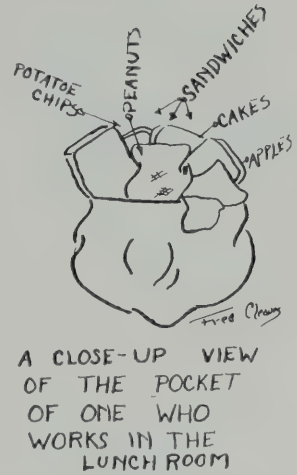
Overheard in Lunchroom: One—I hear Mr. Nelson has a big soul.

Nuther—What do you mean?

One—He wears a size fifteen shoe.

Glidden: (after Miss Fessenden has read the first question and put the second on the board) "Is that the second question?"

Miss Fessenden: "No! That's the fifth. I'm just misleading you."



THE TRANSGRESSOR



AT LUNCH
WHERE DO THEY FIND TIME
TO EAT?



SIGNS FOR N. H. S.





OUR EDITOR
MITCHELL BOYD



GRADUATION



PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS OF '32
JOHN STEWART



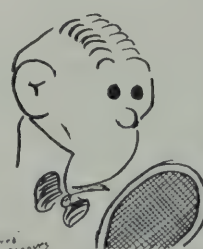
SPRING FEVER



SENIOR PICTURES



SPRING SPORTS



A BALLAD

Jessie Stewart, '33

Oh! a modern knight went courting a fair and
 beauteous maid;
 He dressed all in his Sunday best, and brush-
 ed, and combed and shaved.
 He jumped aboard his flivver, all newly
 painted yellow,
 And forth he bounced along the road, a
 brave and dashing fellow.

Arriving at her domicile, he tooted his
 French horn,
 A vision stepped outside the door, as lovely
 as the morn.
 Lightly she jumped into the seat beside her
 hero bold,
 And cuddled up so cosily, for the night was
 bitter cold.

Then forth they bounced together, along the
 slippery road,
 Her heart was beating painfully, his jump-
 ing like a toad,
 At last he told his tale of love into her lis-
 tening ear,
 And now, when they go riding, she sitteth in
 the rear.

Mr. Benton (speaking of bleaching agents)
 "What do they usually bleach?"
 Tobin: "Hair."

Pupil (translating French): "The grand-
 mother wrote inimitable stories."

Miss Harrington: "Another word for
 inimitable."

Johnson: "Unprintable."

Mr. Benton (speaking of a former class-
 mate) "College Bred: The same old loaf."

Miss Harrington: "Can't you recite better
 with your paper?"

Muriel: "No, I haven't it on my paper."

THE MILLENNIUM

"Mitchie" Boyd dances in lunch period
 with a sophomore.

Miss Fessenden wears French heeled shoes.

Mr. Frost fails to make a single wise-crack
 during an entire period.

"Tom" Allen wears a hat to school—also
 an overcoat.

Miss Harrington stays in Room 105 during
 the entire five-minute period.

Miss Appel's bulletin board devoid of all
 material.

Jessie leaves school at 2:15 without a single
 book.

Joan loses all interest in psychological re-
 actions.

"Janie" appears at school without lipstick
 or a frat pin.

Miss Appel says "The lesson for Toosday
 wuz—"

SONG HITS

"I'm Only Guessin' "—In an exam.

"I Don't Suppose"—I could receive an A.

"My Buddy"—Bill Jones

"We'd Make a Peach of a Pair"—Ducky
 Chambers—Bob Tilden.

"Say the Word"—The French 'U'.

"Time on My Hands"—In the study hall.

"Freddie the Freshman"—Cleaves.

"One Hour with You"—Tardy pupil with Mr.
 Pollard.

"You Rascal, You"—Mr. Frost.

"Tonight or Never"—Makeup.

"You're Driving Me Crazy"—The dance
 orchestra.

"When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver"—
 I'll still be in N. H. S.

"Now's the Time to Fall in Love"—Mr. Ben-
 ton.

"Concentratin' on You"—The clock.

"Too Late"—Get a slip!

"Lo and Behold"—An A!

"That's Livin' "—Vacation.

WHO'S WHO — CLASS OF 1932

Best All Around Boy

John Stewart 1st; Bert Richards and Edwin Starkweather 2nd.

Best All Around Girl

Colette Kenney 1st; Eunice Burdick and Helena Marselli 2nd.

Most Popular Boy

John Stewart 1st; Bert Richards and Robert Shine 2nd.

Most Popular Girl

Eva Church 1st; Eunice Burdick and Colette Kenney 2nd.

Best Looking Girl

Shirley Amsden 1st; Jane Burton 2nd.

Best Looking Boy

Walter Stanfield 1st; Spencer Johnson and Thomas Allen 2nd.

Best Dressed Boy

Walter Stanfield 1st; Robert Gilbert 2nd.

Best Dressed Girl

Shirley Amsden 1st; Eunice Burdick and Ann Learned 2nd.

Most Talented Boy

Frederick Cleaves 1st; Mitchell Boyd 2nd.

Most Talented Girl

Eva Church 1st; Eunice Burdick and Elizabeth May 2nd.

Most Intellectual Boy

Lucian Drury 1st; Mitchell Boyd and Robert Rosenkrans 2nd.

Most Intellectual Girl

Joan Wilkinson 1st; Eunice Burdick and Elizabeth May 2nd.

Cleverest Boy

Frederick Cleaves 1st; Spencer Johnson and Bert Richards 2nd.

Cleverest Girl

Eva Church 1st; Ernestine Ross and Elizabeth May 2nd.

Best Boy Dancer

Bert Richards 1st; Ernest Sands and John Wentworth 2nd.

Best Girl Dancer

Ernestine Ross 1st; Louise Cronin and Jane Burton 2nd.

Shiek

Robert Gilbert 1st; Ernest Sands and John Wentworth 2nd.

Sheba

Alexina Mitchell 1st; Jane Burton and Eleanor Lang 2nd.

Best Boy Athlete

John Stewart 1st; Bert Richards and Edwin Starkweather 2nd.

Best Girl Athlete

Colette Kenney 1st; Helena Marselli, Louise Cronin and Barbara Woods 2nd.

Best Boy Leader

John Stewart 1st; Robert Gilbert and Edward Donald 2nd.

Best Girl Leader

Colette Kenney 1st; Louise Cronin 2nd.

Best Boy Sport

John Stewart 1st; Bert Richards and Edwin Starkweather 2nd.

Best Girl Sport

Colette Kenney 1st; Helena Marselli, Barbara Woods and Louise Cronin 2nd.

Most Humorous Boy

Edward Donald and Ernest Sands 1st; Mitchell Boyd and Robert Shine 2nd.

Most Humorous Girl

Ernestine Ross 1st; Muriel Thacker and Bertha Roissing 2nd.

Boy With Best Disposition

Lloyd Allen 1st; Mitchell Boyd and Robert Shine 2nd.

Girl With Best Disposition

Shirley Amsden 1st; Eunice Burdick and Helen Bielski 2nd.

Boy With Hottest Line

Ernest Sands 1st; Joseph Hatch and John Wentworth 2nd.

Girl With Hottest Line

Louise Cronin 1st; Everetta Kirk and Jane Burton 2nd.

Boy Who Is Biggest Bluff

Lawrence Farnham 1st; Spencer Johnson 2nd.

Girl Who Is Biggest Bluff

Ernestine Ross 1st; Everetta Kirk and Colette Kenney 2nd.

Boy Most To Be Admired

John Stewart 1st; Frederick Cleaves and Edward Donald 2nd.

Girl Most To Be Admired

Joan Wilkinson 1st; Eunice Burdick and Eva Church.

Girl Alibi User

Ernestine Ross 1st; Anna Chiappisi and Bertha Roissing 2nd.

Nerviest Boy

Robert Gilbert 1st; Bert Richards 2nd.

Nerviest Girl

Sylvia Steadman 1st; Louise Cronin and Bertha Roissing 2nd.

Most Persistent Boy

Bert Richards 1st; Thomas Allen and Robert Gilbert 2nd.

Most Persistent Girl

Joan Wilkinson 1st; Jane Burton and Ernestine Ross 2nd.

Most Courteous Boy

Lloyd Allen 1st; Spencer Johnson and Robert Gilbert 2nd.

Most Courteous Girl

Shirley Amsden 1st; Eunice Burdick and Ann Learned 2nd.

Most Cheerful Boy

Lloyd Allen 1st; Mitchell Boyd and Robert Shine 2nd.

Most Cheerful Girl

Barbara Sanborn 1st; Muriel Thacker and Louise Cronin 2nd.

Quietest Boy

Maynard Barnes 1st; James Hutt and Roger Webber 2nd.

Quietest Girl

Jessie Lansberg 1st; Elizabeth May and Ellen Richwagen 2nd.

Most Pessimistic Boy

George Parker 1st; Lawrence Farnham and Frederick Cleaves 2nd.

Most Pessimistic Girl

Joan Wilkinson 1st; Ann Learned and Ellen Richwagen 2nd.

Poet

Mitchell Boyd 1st; Lucian Drury and Melvin Storrs 2nd.

Poetess

Muriel Thacker 1st; Carolyn Blake and Joan Wilkinson 2nd.

Author

Mitchell Boyd 1st; Melvin Storrs and Thomas Allen 2nd.

Authoress

Joan Wilkinson 1st; Carolyn Blake and Eunice Burdick.

Best Boy Orator

Henry Rosenberger 1st; Spencer Johnson and Mitchell Boyd 2nd.

Most Sarcastic Boy

Bert Richards 1st; Edward Donald and Charles Coleman 2nd.

Most Sarcastic Girl

Sylvia Steadman 1st; Gertrude Lane and Louise Cronin 2nd.

Boy With Biggest Drag

Bert Richards 1st; Lloyd Allen 2nd.

Girl With Biggest Drag

Colette Kenney and Alexina Mitchell 1st; Ernestine Ross and Eunice Burdick 2nd.

Most Stubborn Boy

Robert Gilbert 1st; Bert Richards and Abbott Rand 2nd.

Most Stubborn Girl

Margery Aucock 1st; Louise Cronin and Joan Wilkinson 2nd.

Boy Who Has Done Most For School

Lloyd Allen 1st; Mitchell Boyd and John Stewart 2nd.

Girl Who Has Done Most For School

Eunice Burdick 1st; Colette Kenney and
Joan Wilkinson 2nd.

Most Perfect Boy

John Stewart 1st; Robert Gilbert and Lloyd
Allen 2nd.

Most Perfect Girl

Colette Kenney 1st; Eunice Burdick and
Eva Church 2nd.

Noisiest Boy

Ernest Sands 1st; Robert Gilbert 2nd.

Noisiest Girl

Louise Cronin 1st; Everetta Kirk and Ger-
trude Lane 2nd.

Social Celebrity Among Boys

Robert Gilbert 1st; Bert Richards and
Edwin Starkweather 2nd.

Social Celebrity Among Girls

Jane Burton 1st; Eunice Burdick and
Shirley Amsden 2nd.

Boy Most Likely To Succeed

Thomas Allen 1st; Robert Gilbert and
Mitchell Boyd 2nd.

Girl Most Likely To Succeed

Joan Wilkinson 1st; Eunice Burdick and
Elizabeth May 2nd.

Boy Alibi User

Henry Rosenberger 1st; Spencer Johnson
and Lawrence Farnham 2nd.

Best Girl Orator

Margery Aucock 1st; Gertrude Lane and
Louise Cronin 2nd.

Neatest Boy

Thomas Allen 1st; Robert Gilbert and
Walter Stanfield.

Neatest Girl

Eunice Burdick 1st; Ann Learned and
Shirley Amsden 2nd.

Boy Bookworm

Lucian Drury 1st; Henry Rosenberger 2nd.

Girl Bookworm

Joan Wilkinson 1st; Elizabeth May and
Ellen Richwagen 2nd.

Most Ambitious Boy

Thomas Allen 1st; Robert Gilbert and
Mitchell Boyd 2nd.

Most Ambitious Girl

Margery Aucock 1st; Eunice Burdick and
Joan Wilkinson 2nd.

Most Optimistic Boy

Lloyd Allen 1st; Robert Shine and Clay-
ton Kennett 2nd.

Most Optimistic Girl

Bertha Roissing 1st; Barbara Sanborn and
Ernestine Ross 2nd.

Most Bashful Boy

James Hutt 1st; Maurice Holman and
Marshall Birkett 2nd.

Most Bashful Girl

Jessie Lansberg 1st; Elizabeth May 2nd.

Miss Fessenden: "Who has your book,
Hollis?"

Hollis: "Nobody's got it—that is to say,
Cleaves has it."

Mr. Benton: I can't understand why a col-
lege professor should publish a theory for
trisecting an angle which any high school kid
could disprove.

Dodd: Maybe he thought it was right!

Teacher: "What would you call a new roof,
an asset or an expense?"

Ryan: "An overhead."

Mr. Benton: "When I was young, I often
wondered why a stick looks bent when it is
put into water."

Eddie Donald: "So he became a physics
teacher to find out. Gosh, ain't nature grand!"

Discussing unpaid accounts—

"What entries would you make if a man
fooled you and paid?"

Ryan: "I'd fool him and keep it."

N. H. S. in the Movies

"Tarzan the Ape Man"	Edwin Starkweather
"Devotion"	Marion Bickford and Ernie Sands
"Hell Divers"	Joe Hatch and Laurie Farnham
"No One Man"	Ina Mitchell
"The Lost Squadron"	Math III
"I Like Your Nerve"	Louise Cronin
"Dance Team"	Jane Burton and Bud Kimball
"Palmy Days"	Vacation
"A Free Soul"	Bob Shine
"Girl Crazy"	John Wentworth
"Silent Witness"	Mr. Pollard
"The Menace"	Walter Stanfield
"Girls About Town"	Sophomores
"The Big House"	N. H. S.
"Seth Parker"	Lucian Drury
"Five Star Final"	Senior Play
"Emma"	Evelyn Chadwick
"Robbery"	Lunch Counter
"Heartbreak"	Flunk Slips
"Once a Lady"	I'm only guessin' ??
"Men of Chance"	Football Team
"Frankenstein"	Thomas Allen

Mr. Frost: "What river has had a great influence on the history of Egypt?"

Senior Girl: "Ganges!"

Mr. Frost: "When a lady is talking, a gentleman keeps quiet."

Hollis: "Then you must keep quiet, Mr. Frost."

Hollis: "Why the sinister look, Remsen?"

Remsen: "Sin is the (sinister) root of all evil."

Miss Fessenden: "Are there any more questions or discussions?"

Richards: "Answer me this."

THE LAMENT OF HOCKSHOP HARRY

(Apologies to "Sea Fever")

Parker Tobin, '33

I must go down to the town again to the busy
street and the walk,
And all I ask is a dirty shop with three balls
over the clock,
And the miser's face and the gold watch and
the dollar bills creaking,
And a greedy lust in the broker's eye and his
loud voice shrieking.

I must go down to the town again, for the
call of the lender's shop,
Is a loud call but a poor call that makes the
blood run hot,
And all that I ask is a generous man with
a heart that loves his lending,
And an old ring and a few pearls for money
to go spending.

I must go down to the town again to the
lending miser man,
To the cheat's way and the thief's way to
replenish my empty hand,
And all I ask is a hearty smile from a starving
fellow bum,
And a good meal and a good bed when the
long day's done.

And then there was the teacher who
watered crocuses the day we had no school
on account of rain.

Mr. Frost (discussing baseball) "In any
case it is never right to reach for a high ball."

Cole: "What kind of a highball?"

Wentworth: "Do you mean dogs can't
laugh like man?"

Miss Appel: "Yes."

Wentworth: "Well! Man can't bark like
dogs either."

Autographs

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